MAYFAIR

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Vol. 20 No. 3

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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THE NEW DOLLY PARTON Germany's 40-in film star

To make George Best feel better

Angie Lyn and a wayout welcome back

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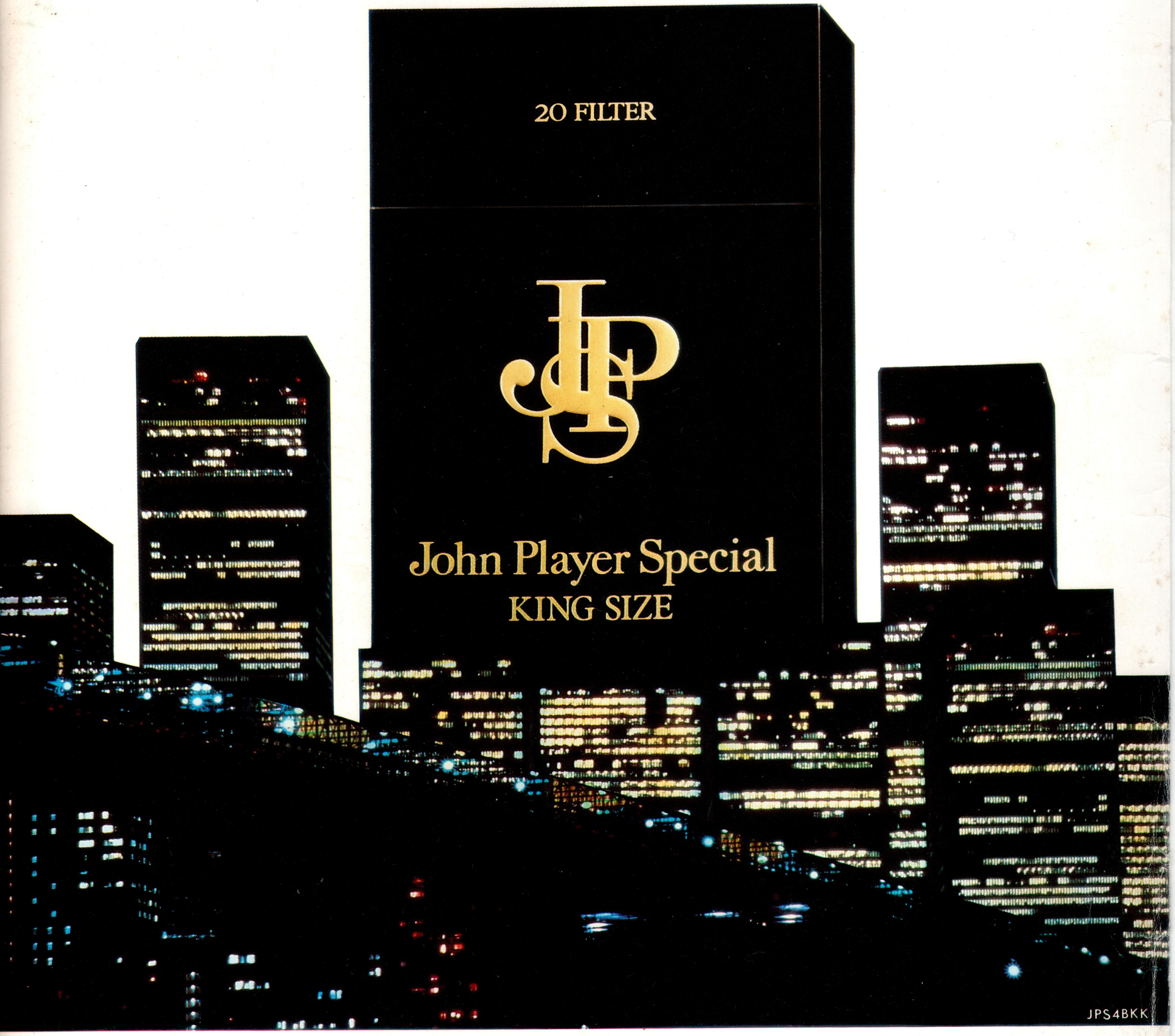

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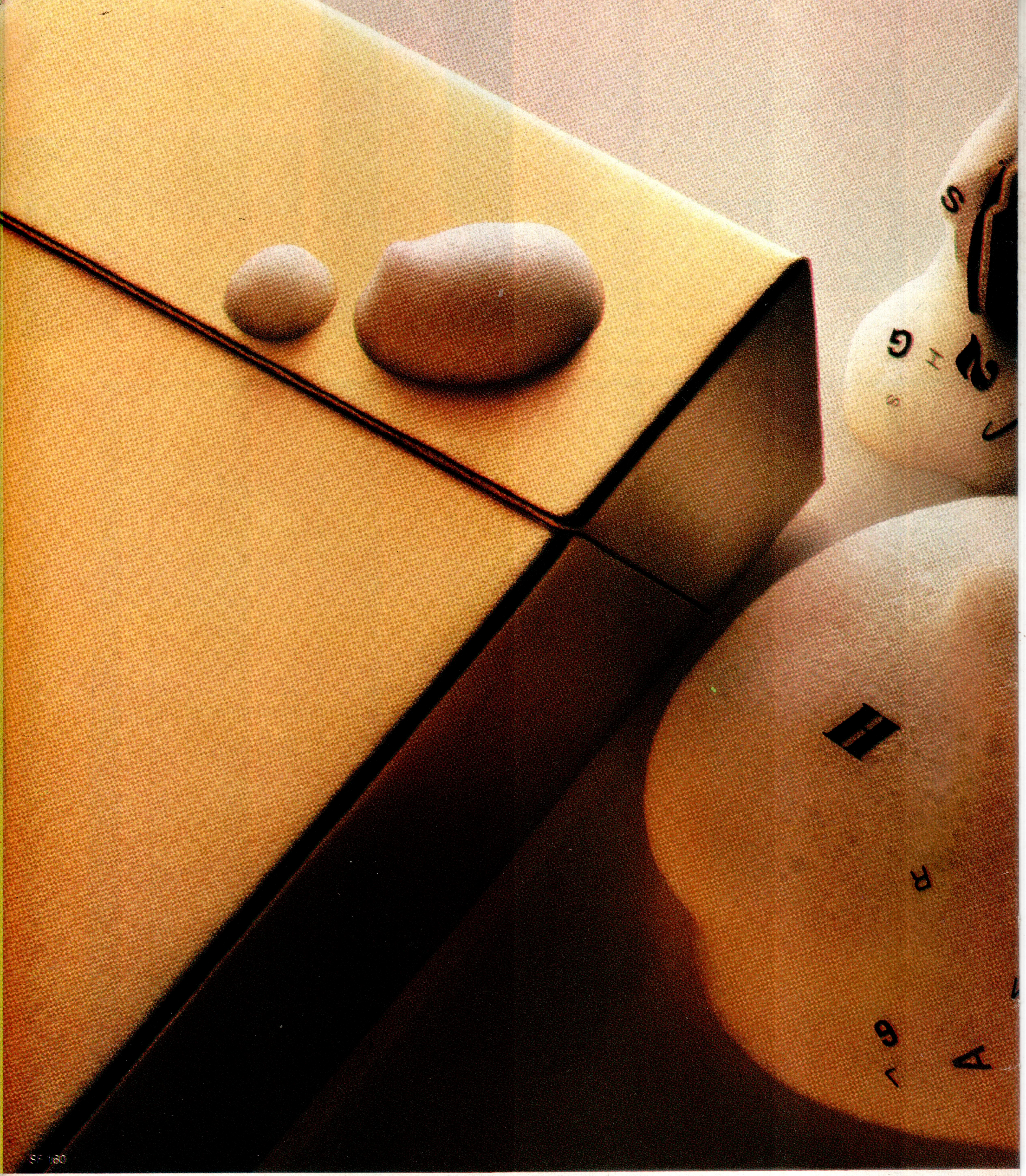

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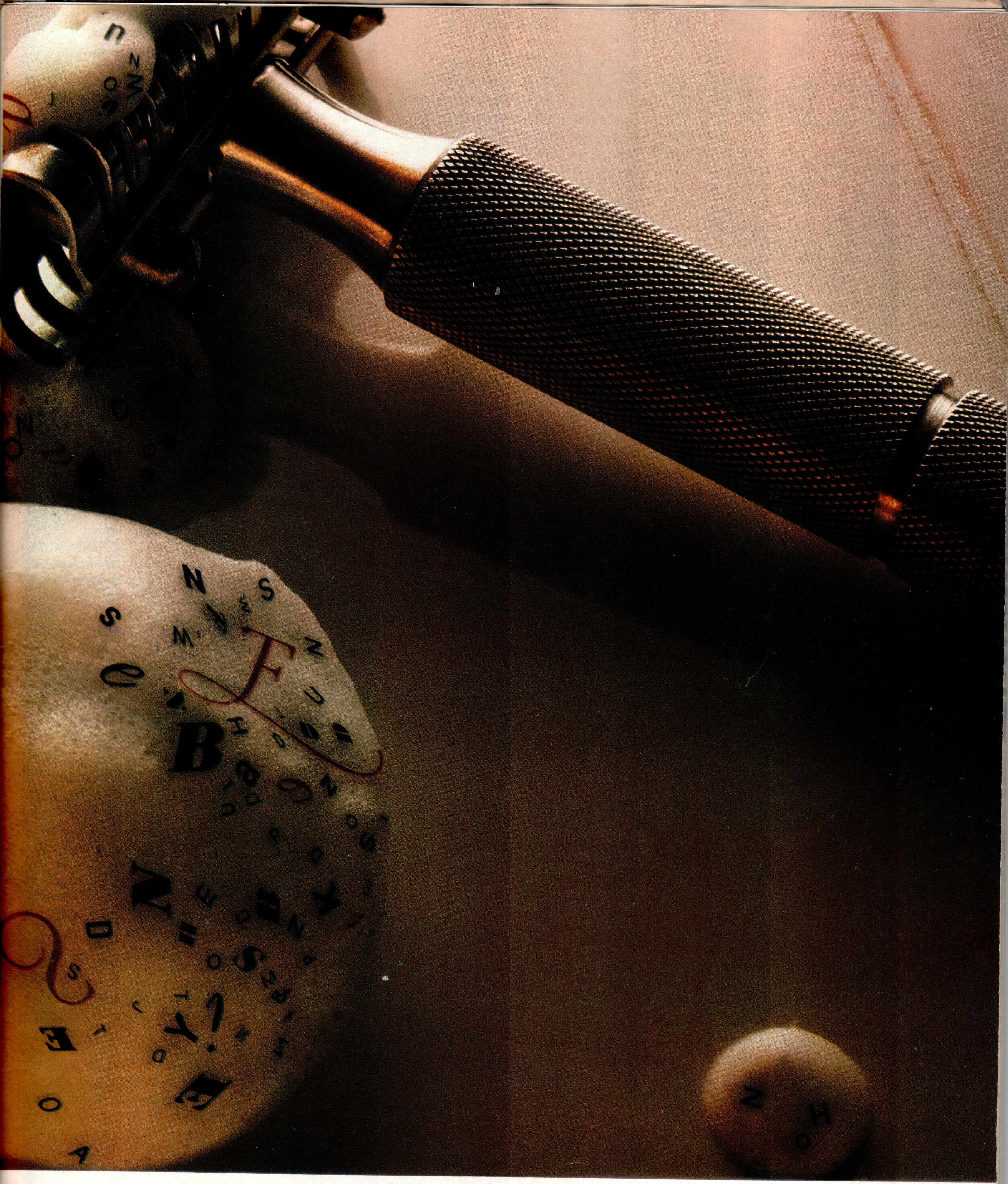

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SCENE

By way of welcoming George Best back after his brief stay at one of Her Majesty's hotels, on page 9 we feature Angie Lyn. Angie has been a friend of Best's for many months, and even went to visit him at Pentonville where he was 'holidaying' for 12 weeks. Her stunning red PVC outfit is exactly what any man would want to see after a few months enforced exile, and we're sure that readers will admire Angie in it just as much. Angie's fans might also like to know that her 34–24–36 frame can be seen rather more demurely clad in the new Roger Moore James Bond film, *A View to Kill*, due for release in June. She appears in the scene set at Ascot races, as one of the attractive lady spectators. It's a racing certainty we'll hear more of her.

On the subject of films, one girl who certainly has big things in front of her is 40–25–35 Danuta Lato. Polish-born Danuta is being billed as the new Dolly Parton following her success in a German comedy film, *Drei und eine Halbe Portion* ('Three and a Half Helpings') which also stars Olympic athletes Jurgens Hingson and Rolf Milsner. She plays one of a pair of dancers, aptly called 'The Titti Sisters', picked up by three men and a boy who are being chased across Germany. The makers are anxious to point out that it is not a sex film, although Danuta's ample cleavage steals the show. And already offers are flooding in for modelling and film work. Who knows? Danuta may have even larger parts in future! You can see all of what Germany's new film star has to offer on pages 19-26.

Internationally-acclaimed, Serre has an eye for the grotesque, the bizarre and the downright funny in a variety of sporting situations. Sporting fans with a gruesome sense of humour will love Sport, a collection of hilarious cartoons by Claude Serre (Methuen, £2.99).

We've some bad news for those macho men who like to think their skin is as tough as leather – it isn't. And according to consultant dermatologist Dr J Wilkinson, men's skin is just as delicate and sensitive as women's. And the final blow to our image is the astonishing fact that in the UK the most common male skin allergy is sensitivity to perfume. Dr Wilkinson was speaking at the launch of Keops, a range of male toiletries produced by RoC Laboratories which include products for those of us with sensitive, easily irritated skin. Dr Wilkinson explained that men who sweat a lot tend to use anti-perspirants which can irritate damaged skin, and of course we all know the hazards of splashing aftershave over a face we have just butchered with a blunt razor! The Keops range includes pre-electric shaving gel, shaving foam and cream, aftershaves and deodorants with prices from £3.45 to £6.90.
The range of products for easily-irritated skin are all free of perfume, and are soap and alcohol free to prevent any reactions. They contain a vinyl polymer which forms an imperceptible film on the skin's surface to protect against irritation. And the aftershave products include sodium pyroglutamate and polyglycol – don't worry, they are only moisturising agents.

Tempestuous Tina Turner has long been the sexiest lady to strut across any rock stage, as anyone who has seen her live act will agree. But she has a voice to match the body which is why her latest album, Private Dancer, has gone platinum. Four singles from the album have all been top-sellers in Britain, and the accompanying videos have made Top of the Pops compulsive viewing. Now Picture Music International have released all four videos on a video EP which sells for just £11. It features sexy versions of What's Love Got to Do with It, Better Be Good to Me, Let's Stay Together, and Private Dancer. Tina herself said of pop videos, 'The songs are there to grab the attention, the video should just be a complement to it all.' But with her looks and movements, who needs music?

Joanne Latham is one of our all-time favourite models, so we were concerned when we read in one of the Sunday papers that her modelling career was at an end, and she was living in Paris penniless. But only two days after the article appeared

Joanne phoned our editor Kenneth Bound for a chat, and seemed in much better spirits than the paper had made out. When he asked Joanne how her pregnancy was going, she replied, 'My boobs are bigger than ever.' Now there's something to think about on a cold night. And who knows, hopefully we haven't seen the last of Joanne in the pages of *Mayfair*.

If camera technology advances much further, our photographers may soon be out of a job – the cameras will be taking the photos themselves. Minolta have taken this fantasy one step nearer reality with their latest development – the Minolta 7000. It is a single lens reflex system with instant autofocus. The 7000 incorporates two 8-bit microcomputers and 15,000 transistors. And Minolta have applied for 300 new patents in connection with the 7000. The camera's programmed exposure system makes its own decisions automatically, and even changes its programme in accordance with the lens being used. And film loading, winding and rewinding is all carried out automatically. Apart from its automatic multi-programme, the camera can be switched to either shutter or aperture priority or metered manual. An initial range of 12 lenses has been produced for the 7000, including the world's first auto focus zoom telephoto lens. But now the bad news – a body and standard length 1.7 lens will cost around £300.

How the British sank their first Cognac Courvoisier

Cognac has long been a favourite of the British.

As far back as 1780, Dr Samuel Johnson made the following observation.

Claret is for boys, port is for men. But cognac is a drink for heroes.

Be that as it may, cognac was certainly a favourite of one hero of the time.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

Courvoisier is the only cognac to be honoured with The Diploma Prestige de la France, the French award for excellence.

In fact his love of cognac was only outweighed by his dislike of the British. So the chances of the British getting their hands on the Emperor's favourite cognac, were somewhat slim.

Circumstances changed that.

In 1815, after his abdication, Napoleon arranged to leave secretly for the United States of America.

He loaded two ships with a variety of provisions, including cognac supplied by Emmanuel Courvoisier.

In 1869, Felix Courvoisier was appointed official purveyor of cognacs to the Court of Napoleon III.

Napoleon subsequently changed his mind and decided to give himself up to the British.

Courtesy of Napoleon.

All his belongings, including the cognac were eventually transferred to the HMS Northumberland, thus giving the British officers ample time to taste the cognac.

In fact they got such a taste for it that Courvoisier became known as the cognac of Napoleon.

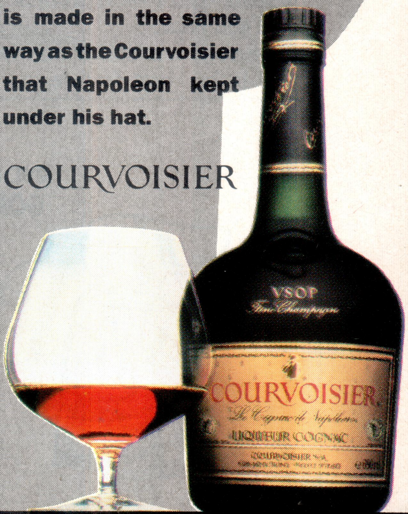
Courvoisier is still made in the same way, using the best grapes of the Charente area of France.

All brandy is not cognac. Cognac can only be produced from the grapes of the Charente area of South West France, where conditions are ideal. Ordinary brandies can be produced anywhere, from almost any fruit.

It is matured in oak casks for a longer period than French cognac laws decree and blended by Master blenders, who serve an apprenticeship of at least ten years.

The Courvoisier we drink today is made in the same way as the Courvoisier that Napoleon kept under his hat.

COURVOISIER



Le Cognac de Napoleon

The Born Leader

LETTERS

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

It was wonderful to see the gorgeous Sian Adey Jones in *Mayfair* for the second time. In my opinion, she is the best-looking girl to ever appear in your illustrious magazine. My only regret is that she does not feature in every issue.
Please let us see her again soon, and if you can do so, may I make a few suggestions. Instead of seeing her in a few articles of clothing, then in nothing at all in next photograph, it would be great to see her removing that short skirt, and slowly sliding her knickers down her shapely thighs. Then she should step out of them – with views from both front and back.
She herself has stated that her bum is her best feature, so it would be terrific to see her thrusting out her behind in a provocative manner, whilst looking over her shoulder at the camera with those big blue eyes and a delightful sexy pout on her face.
In the meantime, keep up the good work in bringing us the greatest girls to drool over.
MJL, Bedford

After reading your Christmas 1984 edition, I feel I must complain about the unintentional sadistic element that has crept into your magazine. After all, who else but a sadist would derive pleasure from telling Sian Adey Jones fans that she would be appearing in the next issue, and inflict a whole month of agony on him? Could you possibly equal her appearance in Vol 18 No 9 (of which I bought three copies)? I was not disappointed.
My favourite picture has to be the one at the bottom of page 41. What a tempting sight with her lovely bottom in the air, and one perfect breast hanging down. Add scintillating Tracey Dixon in the same issue (what a lovely blonde pussy!), and I just had to buy another copy for safe keeping.
I miss Sian terribly since she quit topless modelling. Does she appear topless in the new Bond film? If she does, you can inflict further torture on me as I await its release.
PS, Lancaster

We are not as sadistic as the makers of the new Bond film, A View to Kill. *They are keeping most of Sian's beauty covered up. We're told that she appears as a guest in a party sequence filmed in Chantilly in France, and keeps her clothes on. Incidentally, fans of Nike Clarke who adorned the pages of Vol 19 No 9, might like to look out for her in the same scene.*

I was interested in your article about the Charlie Peace murders in *Best of Mayfair No 4*.
I have had the pleasure of listening to some of the old timers in Chorlton-Cum-Hardy where I used to live, and they told me that without doubt William Habron murdered PC Cock, the crime Peace confessed to. Both Charles Gresty and Bill Dean, who were in their teens at that time, were convinced that was so.
Habron had had trouble with PC Cock, who once arrested him for being drunk and disorderly, and swore to get his revenge. After PC Cock had been shot, footprints were found, corresponding to Habron's, which were a source of evidence.
Incidentally, Habron had two brothers – a nasty pair. One worked at Collins Nursery in Edge Lane, Stretford, and the other brother worked on the same farm as William. After he was convicted the two disappeared, and a little later on, Lord Charles Cavendish and friend were both murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin. The Habrons were supposed to have killed him, but there was no real proof, so nothing further happened.
I myself am now in my 90th year, yet I still recollect the conversations I had with these old timers.
The fact that Peace confessed to the murder of PC Cock amazed me. He would have had to walk miles to the action. There was no transport in those days, and the nearest railway station, in Manchester, was at least five miles away.
PC Cock was buried in the old churchyard at Chorlton Green. People used to come to see it from miles away, travelling in coaches. They also wanted to see the spot where the bullet hole went into the brickwork of the wall of the Gratrix family's house which was opposite where the shots were fired. It was later made into the *Seymour Hotel*, and when the outer wall was demolished, the section of brickwork with the bullethole was preserved in a glass case in the hotel.
Once again, I mention that although Peace confessed to this murder he was already going to be hanged for the murder of Arthur Dyson, in Sheffield. In his arrogance, he said he also shot PC Cock, but the old timers thought otherwise.
When Habron was released with an indemnity of £1,000 he became the landlord of a public house in Oldham. However, he was arrested and sent to jail for splitting a man's head open with a pintpot. He really was a vicious character.
I have enjoyed reading your article, and have been interested in the Peace episode since my schooldays.
I expect you may be amused by my comments. I know one thing, nobody else could have any comments, after all these years.
Bill Hooper, Cheshire

Your excellent Carrie cartoon depicting Carrie's mission to find out what Scotsmen wear under the kilt (Vol 20 No 1) reminded me of an incident which happened years ago when I was attending high school in Inverness. Being English and having settled in Inverness with my parents who had taken on a small hotel after leaving the RAF, I was subject to elements of anti-English feeling. This came mainly from the boys, possibly because I got on quite well with the girls.
It was customary before the annual school dance to have lessons in Scottish dancing (eightsome reels, Strip the Willow etc). This form of dancing is very energetic, and generally greatly enjoyed by both the boys and girls. I certainly enjoyed it as most of the girls were attractive, and there was plenty of opportunity to put your arm around their waists. This sounds tame by today's standards, but in the mid-sixties, this was not generally done at school.
As a result of these lessons, I became quite friendly with a girl called Jan (name changed), a bright-eyed brunette with wavy hair, well-formed breasts, trim waist, and incredibly sexy legs which she showed off in mini-skirts. After a couple of visits to the cinema and some long country walks, Jan asked if I would take her to the school dance. Naturally, I agreed immediately. This was a real feather in my cap as Jan was very popular.
At the end of the last dancing lesson, Jan complimented me on my dancing. I said that I found it highly enjoyable but it made me hot. 'You should wear a
turn to page 108

To make Best feel better...
Here's Red hot Angie Lyn

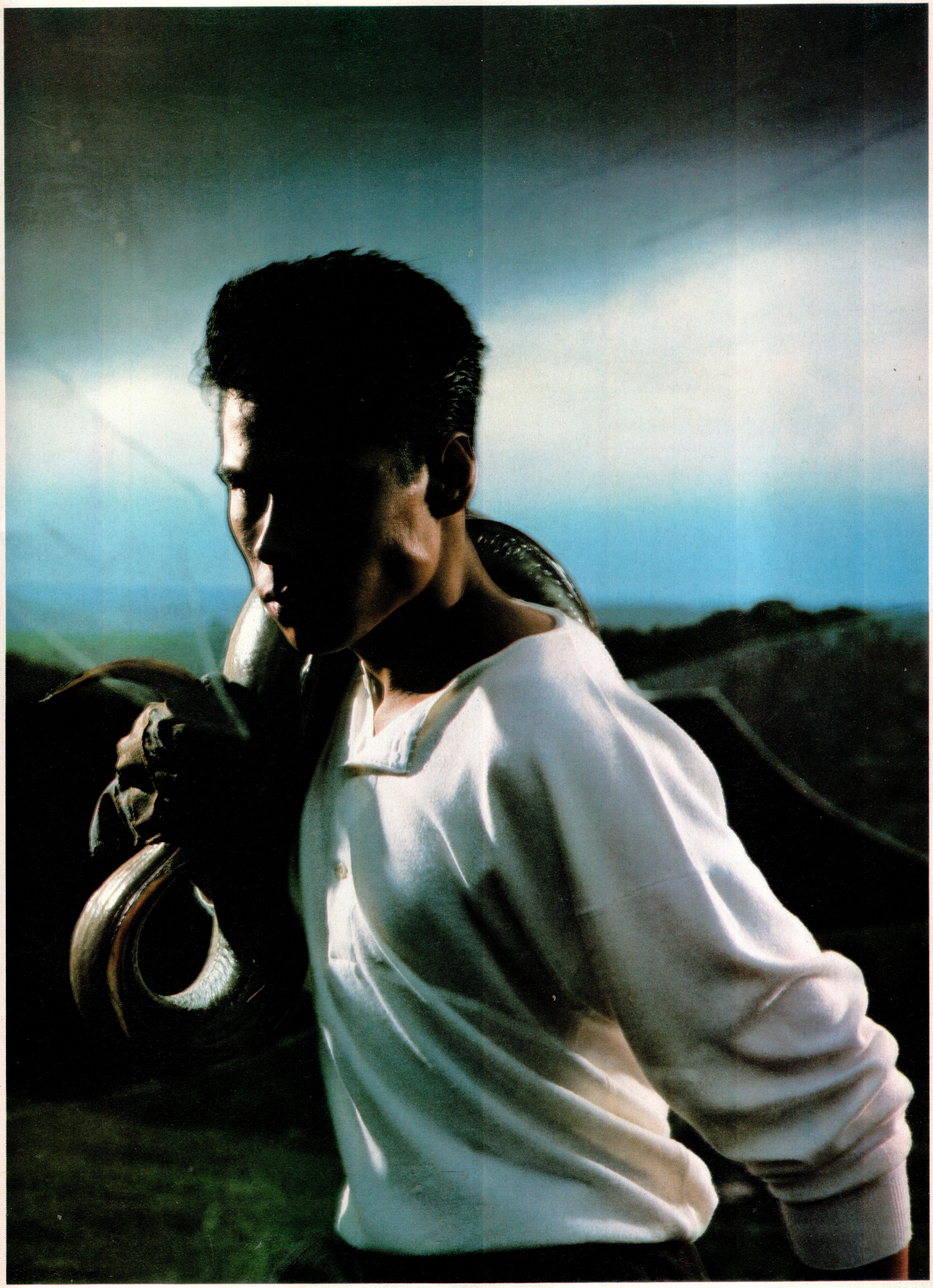
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Can you think of a better greeting for a man coming out of prison than the sight of one of his best lady friends stripped off? Neither could we. So by way of saying our 'Welcome back' to George Best who comes out of Pentonville this month after a 12 week term for a drink/driving offence and assaulting a policeman, we present his bosom buddy, 34-24-36 Angie Lyn. Although these pictures were taken and offered to us before Angie became a blonde, and before Geroge went to prison, we're sure that they will be appreciated especially since her bright red PVC outfit is reminiscent of Manchester United colours. It is a far cry from George's last all-too-short glimpse of Angie – across a table when the 26-year-old went to visit the famous ex-footballer a few weeks ago.

George met Angie at London's *Tramp* nightclub in June. He asked her out to lunch, then, according to Angie, decided to bring his ex-wife (also called Angie) and three-year-old son Calum along too. 'It was the last thing I expected,' Best's new friend told the *News of the World*. 'But she was marvellous, and I fell in love with Calum right away.' Angie, who had previously been going out with *Coronation Street's* Chris Quinten, has also been helping Best keep away from drink, and described recent events as 'the worst situation he could find himself in.' But now it's over, and the couple are free to celebrate, not just Best's return, but Angie's part in *a View to Kill* – the new James Bond film.

Lot 18. "BEWARE OF THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING"
Unsigned. Oil on canvas. (30cm x 60cm).

Certification Trade Mark
Pure new wool



The waitress was beautiful and sexy but I was getting nowhere. She, was obsessed with a cartoon character, and had no time for men. Now that had to be a cracking good challenge. Ha, I thought, if she won't fall for me, perhaps she'll fall for Mickey

THE MOUSE TRAP

Fiction by Sam White

The first words she said to me were, 'Fuck off.'

That was when I asked her out. I could take it. A philanderer like me had to accept a few no-no's in the pursuit of bed-sheet justice. They made the chase more entertaining.

I'd been watching her nutty little butt all evening, scootering amongst the tables, ferrying culinary delights to the punters.

I'd fallen foul of a blind date; landed me a slack-jawed Alice from Croydon because she'd been a sexy voice in the ear over the telephone.

After about three minutes with her I was dying for the pips to go as she prattled on about her job in the advertising world, selling space to mugs like me.

I'd taken her to Scripts, a regular haunt of mine with a neat menu slanted French-wise, and a piano tinkling by the parquet floor for those who fancied sliding their hands over their partners.

The waitress was serving the tables to our left. She was having a ball, back-chatting her customers, and managing to balance precarious plates all down her slim naked arms. The uniform was a slinky silk tunic buckled at the waist. It suited her as she twitched across the floor with legs like the sort you see in stocking adverts. It was the shoes you noticed. Slippers really, each with the raised face of Mickey Mouse sewn onto the instep.

Alice was off in the ladies repairing her face. I was swilling my wine around, and rueing the prospect of a lacklustre evening, when the waitress swanned in close on her way to some noisy quartet with a bottle of bubbly.

'I like the slippers,' I said as she swerved by,

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

causing her to stop and blister me with a pair of startled eyes.
'If you were serving me,' I said, 'I'd ask you out.'
'Fuck off,' she said, and swung away.
She'd thrown the gauntlet down, and I wasn't one to be faint hearted.
I survived the evening with Alice, depositing her back in Croydon where she molested me with her cherry-painted lips.
'Max,' she said, 'I've enjoyed myself.'
'Me too,' I said, but she charged in, trying to take the tongue out of my cheek with hers.
I telephoned Scripts in the morning. Charlie, the manager, answered the phone.
'Hey,' I said, 'You've got a spunky waitress, wears Mickey Mouse slippers, holds nineteen plates at once.'
'Sure,' he said, 'that's Carla, a real elbow greaser, comes in three days a week, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday.'
'Book me on her table – for one, right?'
'Max,' he said, 'this one ain't for you.'
'What is she, a dyke?'
'Uh huh,' he said, 'but she's weird, collects Mickey Mouses, that sort of thing.'
'I like them weird.'
I swanned in on time. Charlie gave me the nod, and took me along to my table.
'I hope you know what you're doing,' he said as he did his maitre d' bit with the chair, and handed me the menu.
'Charlie,' I said, and he rolled his eyes.
Close up she was better, and in Roman times I'd have hoisted her off right there, out to my chariot, and away. But this was the eighties – one had to employ a little tact.
'Hello,' I said, 'how are you?'
'What's up, your lady on a diet?'
'She fancied a TV dinner.'
'So what do you want?'
Her attitude wasn't glacial – it was Arctic.
'What would you recommend?'
'How about eating somewhere else.'
'Touché.'
'I only speak English, comprehende?'
She tapped a slippered foot, and her eyes wandered over the other tables. I ordered the halibut mousse with lobster sauce, and the steak au poivre.
'How do you want it done?' she said, as if she wanted to give me a side order of food poisoning.
'With flair,' I said.
'The chef can only manage medium, rare or well done.'
'OK,' I said, and loosed off my best smile.
'Just tell him not to wipe it under his arms.'
Off she waltzed with the order while Charlie was winking and grinning over by the door with a smug expression on his face.
She returned with the mousse.
'There you go sir,' she said.
'Please call me Max.'
'Why should I?' she asked with a smirk.
'All my enemies do.'
'OK, Max,' she said.
Oh boy, had I got a nut to crack here. Some girls did, and some girls didn't. This one did for sure. You could tell. The rake of her body with proud tits encased in lace, and pink lips around her wide ripe mouth.
I watched her crusade amongst the tables, and when the bill was due she perched on a chair, snuggling in close to the one who had to pay, making out she had a problem with the addition.
With mine she sat opposite.
'How about you sitting there all the time one evening?' I asked. 'In another restaurant of course.'
'No, thank you.'
'Husband?'
'No.'
'Lover?'
'No.'
'You hate me?'
She smiled, stood and sidled over to my side.
'I don't hate anybody, Max,' she said, slid the bill in front of me, and for a cut of a second pressed her body into my shoulder.
'Is this a ploy to get a big tip?'
'Service is included,' she said. 'You know that.'
'Are you always so elusive?'
'On the contrary,' she said, and fled.
She'd got my pecker up. I spoke to Charlie on my way to the door.
'You shouldn't employ such smart alec waitresses.'
'I told you Max, don't bother, she's strange, lives alone with a computer and her Mickey Mouse collection. She was in the local paper a while back, Carla Leckey – read about it, if you think I'm winding you up'
'I don't believe it.'
'No bull, I took my kids to see it, Carla's a kook. It's there for real – a tribute to Mickey Mouse.'
'And the computer?'
'She feeds in data. Some library wants all its books on floppy disk. She says she's got all the way to "M".'
'Amazing,' I said, 'and she doesn't go out with men?'
'There's a lot of lust wasted on her.'
'Poetic, Charlie.'
'Yeah, well, she's a good worker. Says she's cooped up all day with the VDU screen, she likes to come here for enjoyment, and to save more money for Mickey Mouse.'
'No woman's an island.'
'This one is a long way out to sea.'
'I'm a good swimmer.'
'Don't get out of your depth.'
I found the back copy of the local rag. There she was on page three, lounging back on a Mickey Mouse cushion, surrounded by Mickey Mouses. Mickey Mouse T-shirt, Mickey Mouse sunglasses, and in her arms the hugest Mickey Mouse doll I'd ever seen.
'Twenty-three-year-old Carla Leckey won't let the mickey be taken out of her collection – she's got over 300 from around the world.'
I was back at Scripts for lunch on Wednesday. Carla frowned as Charlie showed me to my table on her station. I was her first customer. She slouched over.
'You must have lousy table manners,' she said, 'always having to eat alone.'
Sexual energy beat out from beneath her clothes. I had to find the key. Her tongue

turn to page 26

'Don't worry, Wilkins, I'm assured the natives aren't headhunters.'

DANUTA LATO

Germany's new 40-inch Film Star

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

At only 21-years-old, there is no doubt that actress and model, Danuta Lato, has big things in front of her. In demand for magazine work ever since she left her Polish homeland for Germany, her spectacular five foot two inch, 40-25-35 frame is now set to make her a big star in the cinema as well. So here's a chance to preview Krakow's second most famous export.

Although she only speaks one language fluently, and that's Polish, Danuta has already landed a part in the comedy film, *Drei und eine Halbe Portion* ('Three and a Half Helpings'). She and equally buxom Carmen Lentz play two dancers, appropriately named 'The Titti Sisters' who are picked by three pilots (German comic Karl Dall, Olympic decathelete Jürgen Hingsen and world champion weightlifter Rolf Milsner). In their plane they are chased across Europe, eventually being allowed to land when one pilot insists that they have two highly explosive devices (namely lovely Danuta and Carmen) aboard.

Already the film is attracting a great deal of attention thanks to Danuta and Carmen's sensational parts, and the involvement of two of Germany's top athletes. Also a talented folk singer and dancer, Danuta tells us that she would love to emulate the success of that other outstanding singer, Dolly Parton, by combining music and comedy acting. In the meantime, she

carries on with her part-time job as a playleader in a kindergarten. 'I love children,' she said, adding that one day she would like to have a few of her own. Her hobbies are swimming, dancing and playing volleyball (a game, you may recall, where bouncing is prohibited!). Her best friend is still the man who brought her to Germany. He's an accountant – and a lucky guy!

The Mouse Trap
continued from page 18
licked the tip of her pencil, and she hitched the shoulder of her tunic.
'I know how to chew with my mouth closed,' I said.
'So what'll it be?'
'I gather you're famous.'
'I've had my ten minutes,' she said. 'How about the kidneys turbigo, you seem the type to like offal.'
'I'm interested in your collection.'
'You wouldn't know a Mickey Mouse from a Mickey Finn.'
'I wondered if I could bring my young cousin round to see it.'
'You'll have to do better than that.'
'Why are you so antagonistic?'
She sat down opposite, and propped her chin on her hands.
'Guys always reckon I'm included with the food they order.'
'Something to do with your flavour?'
'I don't need another wise guy,' she said, 'I'm quite happy with the one I've got from California.'
'What's his name,' I asked, 'Mickey Mouse?'
'You've got it,' she said, waved me a Victory sign, and moseyed off.
I wasn't going to let this one go. It needed application, but I was convinced Carla in the sack would be hard core. She'd got a naughty slant to her body, and she knew it.
I arrived back at the office without any game plan. I asked my secretary, Bernice, a mother figure in her forties.
'What would you do with a girl who was in love with Mickey Mouse, and you wanted to gain her affection.'
I resisted saying 'get her into the sack'. Bernice was into Mills and Boon.
Bernice deliberated, and pushed her spectacles on her nose.
'I'd dress up as Mickey Mouse, and take her round a bunch of roses.'
'Bernice, you've just got yourself a rise,' I said. 'But one thing – sod the roses.'
Bernice blushed.
I was off like a dirty shirt. There was a theatrical costumiers nearby, and inside a dapper assistant with measuring tape round his neck jumped out from behind a rig of armour.
'I want a Mickey Mouse suit,' I said, 'the full regalia.'
'A party is it, sir?'
'Yes. I won't get in unless I'm dressed for the part.'
'One has to do these things properly.'
He kitted me out. Bow tie, white kid gloves, satin lapelled jacket, shiny shoes, dress trousers complete with leather tail sticking out of the ass, and the head. The assistant helped me on with it. I felt a clown standing in front of the mirror transformed into a gleefully grinning Mickey Mouse.
I paid the man for a week's hire.
That night I followed Carla home from Scripts. She walked fast, wrapped in a coat, slippers slapping on the pavement, until she disappeared into a house which had been converted into flats.
A light came on in the ground floor. She walked towards the window, and drew the curtains. I felt a zizz down the back bone. So far so good, and on Thursday when I knew she would be in the restaurant I cased the flat for entry.
She was careless. A window wouldn't keep a cripple out let alone Mickey Mouse, and back home I laid out the suit. Friday it would be. I checked my torch batteries.
Under the cover of night I drove, and parked a couple of streets away. Mickey's head was in a carrier bag, and I was dressed for the kill. God forbid if I was spotted.
Carla's light was shining through the curtains. She'd be in there pressing the keys of her computer, moving through the "Ns". I sneaked around the back to the unlocked window, slipped my fingers under the sill, eased up the frame, and climbed in. I was panting. If Carla hollered 'rape' I was a gonner but I'd gambled she wouldn't pull the pin on Mickey. When she saw me I'd have to play it by ear.
My torch flickered around the room. It was her bedroom – brimming with Mickey Mouses, Jesus – every shape and form, rubber ones, wooden ones, plastic, posters, books, paint boxes. The mouse was wall to wall, laughing, frowning, crying, while above the bed was one in neon.
I settled in the chair across from the bed. I could hear muffled music, and occasionally the staccato rap of her printer. I wondered how late she worked, and eased on Mickey's head. It was hot inside, perfumed, and hooking up a hand to his erect nose I adjusted the mask. And waited. Then I heard
turn to page 50

TERRIFIC DOUBLE JIGSAW OFFER

Do girls go to pieces when you touch them? Our two will. That's because lovely Lesley and Lynda are featured on *Mayfair's* quality hand-cut wooden jigsaws. They are just waiting to be reassembled. Lesley is provocatively poised in her PVC boots, Lynda in a clingy, wet smock. Both are perfectly reproduced and measure 11½ inches by 8½ inches. What's more, you don't have to puzzle out which one to choose. Both our jigsaw girls will be sent to you, discreetly packaged, for just £4.99 Why not get them together today.

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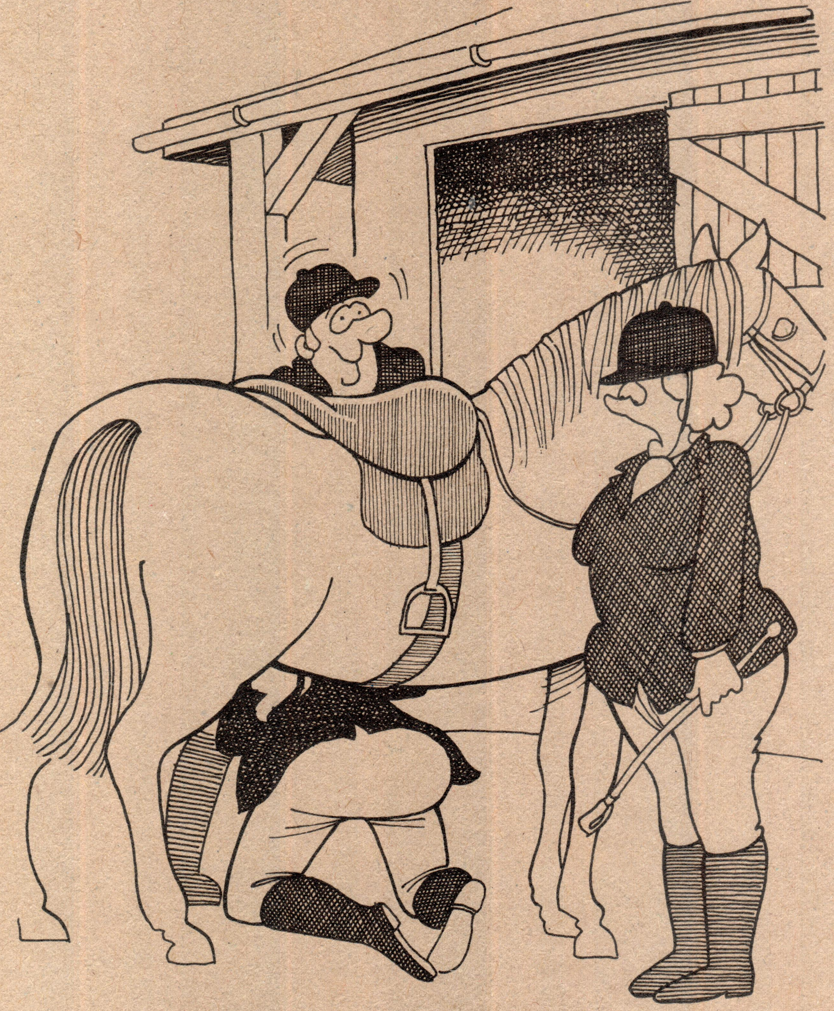
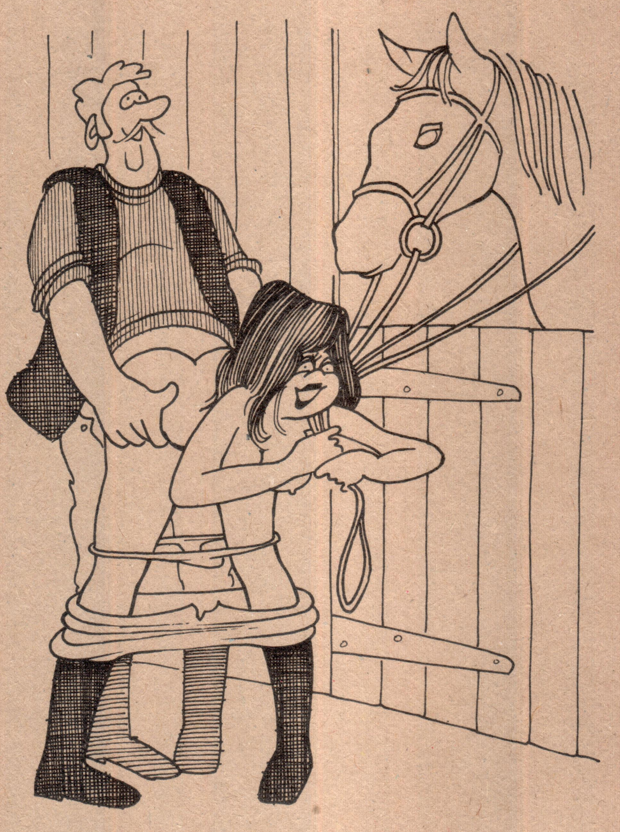


'I'm sure Mr Peters is quite capable of adjusting his own girth strap, Teresa.'

MOUNTING EXCITEMENT

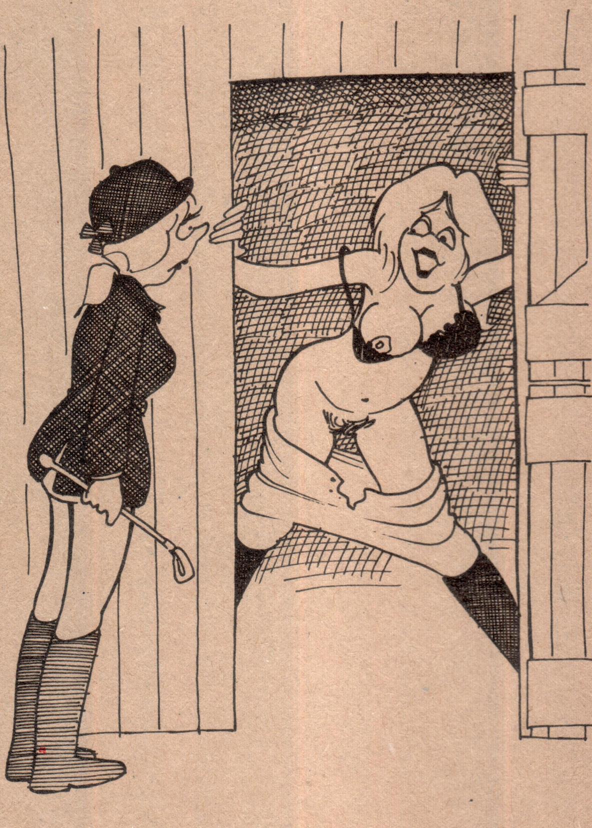
A young woman's passions can gallop away with her when she visits a riding school, says cartoonist Anthony

'Oh, yes, Miss Jones, you've definitely got the bit between your teeth.'

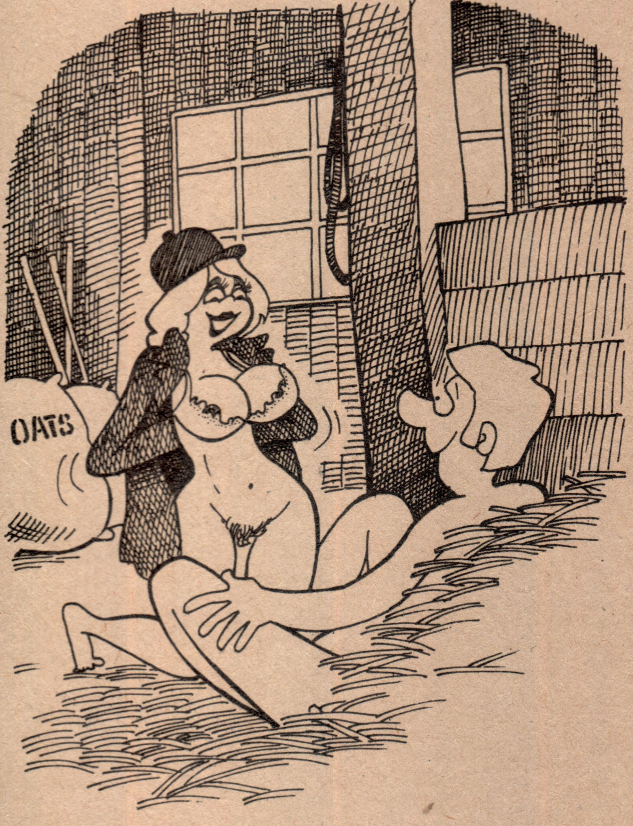


'I'm not at all sure you should be riding bare-back on your first day.'

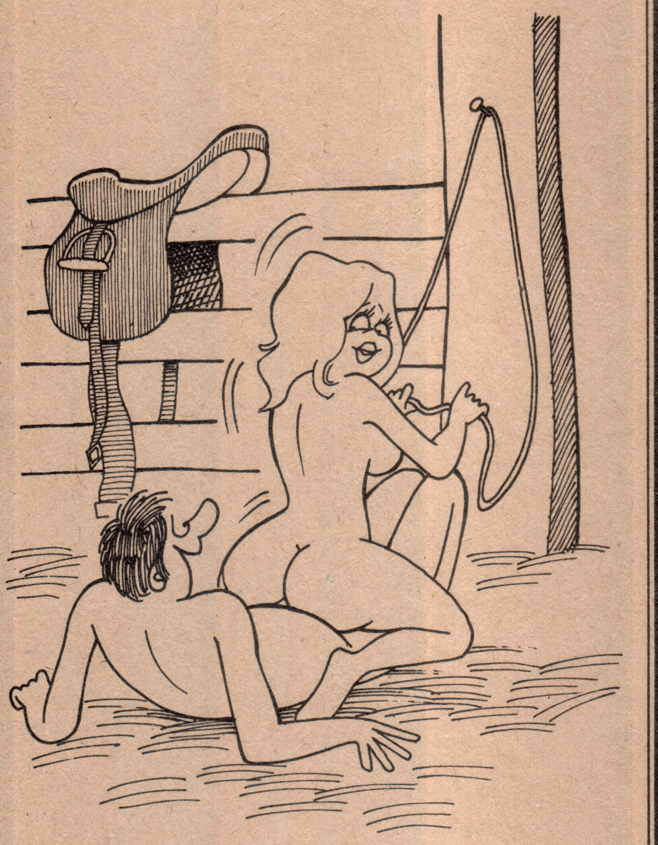
'Don't worry, my horse is quite used to finding his own way back to the stables.'



'It reared up in front of me, and I'm not talking about the horse.'

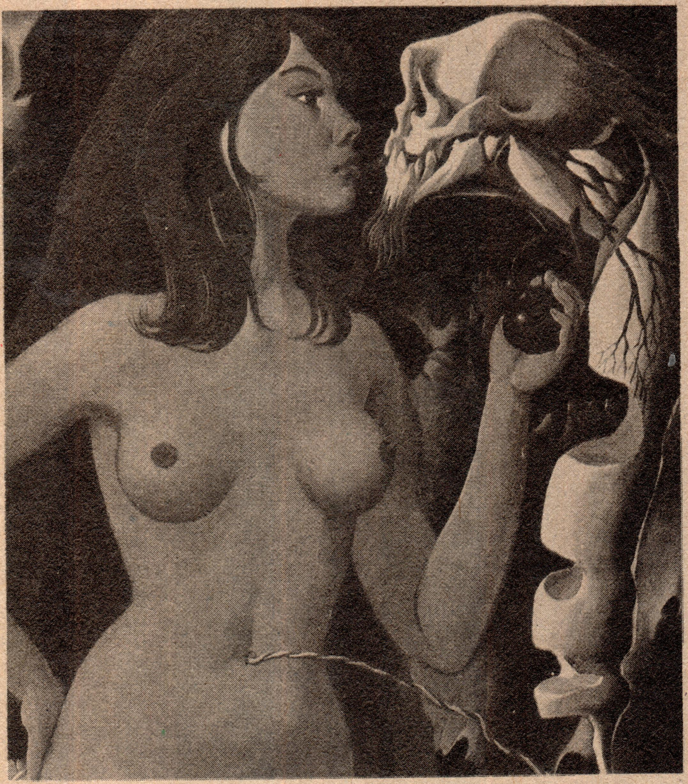


'Gosh, I've never ridden one that big before!'



'I think we might actually let you have a go on a horse tomorrow.'

'I expect you must be feeling a little saddle sore after your first day.'



The Mayfair Book Society

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A revealing insight into the sexual imagination of famous artists of the 20th century, this superb book features 163 photographs of masterpieces of erotic art. The depth of imagination shown by famous names is breathtaking, like Picasso whose intimate study of cunnilingus demonstrates a master's appreciation of the truly erotic. Many of the photographs in this uncensored book are far too explicit to be featured in *Mayfair*, like the stunning drawings of the vagina by Igor Mead which show incredible attention to detail. Controversial author D H Lawrence is not well known for his paintings, but they are included in this superb volume, and highly erotic they are too. **Price £10.50**

THE PILLOW BOOK

Pillow books are designed to sexually stimulate, and you and your partner will find Paul Gerhard's history of erotica very arousing. The pictures, collected from museum archives, galleries and private collections portray all the sexual fantasies you could imagine, including bestiality, oral sex, female masturbation and flagellation. The text traces people's sexual customs through the centuries, and provides an intriguing accompaniment to the pictures. **Price £6.70**

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DEAR DOC

Dr David Delvin is one of Britain's foremost authorities on sexual matters. In *Dear Doc* he answers the 150 or so questions that he is most often asked about sex, and his re-assuring answers are enhanced by the frankest of illustrations. *Dear Doc* removes love-making from the solemn sex manuals, takes it away from the myths of medical folklore, and places it in its true perspective – at the centre of life. Dr Delvin's style is authoritative, but never authoritarian, and deals sympathetically with the problems and pre-occupations men and women find too embarrassing to talk about with their own doctor. **Price £3.00**

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE

With today's emphasis on sexual freedom, and sexual achievement a man or woman can be left feeling that their sex life is inadequate. *The Complete Book of Sexual Love* aims to dispel these feelings. It is packed with over 500 illustrations, some of a most explicit nature, and is a virtual encyclopaedia on all aspects of sexual love. Chapters deal with positions for intercourse, fetishism, sex aids, birth control and homosexuality. Authors Stuart and Susan Holroyd break down the many myths we associate with sex, and help you and your partner achieve a new sexual awareness together. **Price £13.80**

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

Thousands of *Mayfair* readers will testify to the lasting impact *Sexual Techniques* has had on their lives. Author Mogens Toft discusses ways of improving technique by positioning the body, and regulating orgasmic pleasure, while the 42 full-page photographs show in detail how a girl can manipulate her own and her partner's erotogenic zones. Both you and your lady will find it essential reading if you wish to lead a full and happy sex life. **Price £5.80**

TRAVEL

Ian Marlowe

Gibraltar; British and proud of it. So much so, in fact, that when there was a plebescite on whether it should become a part of Spain, 44 Gibraltarians were for it with a modest 12,187 against!

The flags fly alongside the mile-long landing strip on the eastern side of the Rock. In town the street names remind you of Old England. Worthington E is 76p a pint, a packet of cigarettes costs just 53p, and a spirit and 'a splash' 52p (46p and 6p). Everything's imported from the UK, except fruit and veg. The Gibraltarian pound, I ought to add, has parity with the pound Sterling.

No Germans, French, or other tourists here. Just a few Spanish who come over to goggle and shop – even though Spain is cheaper – and to gamble in the smart casino next to *The Rock Hotel*. This is one of the world's great hotels, built in 1932, and still redolent of Palm Court orchestras, cruise ships, and dinner jackets. The British have always used the Rock as an arrival and departure point, generally staying the first and last night there before venturing across the Spanish line into La Linea and on to Marbella. Get the cable car to the top of the Rock, and gaze down at one of the best views in the world: Right across the Spanish Frontier to the east, the misty coastline of Morocco due south, and the white stucco of Algerceiras across the Bay of Gibraltar to the west. Oh, and don't forget to take your camera. The Rock apes love to be photographed, but the one thing you must not do is to feed them 'Smarties'. The Keeper of the Apes (an army sergeant) feeds them every morning at eight.

Every day at 9.30 the Dolphin cruise leaves Sheppard's Marina for a three hour tour around the Rock. Mike, the ex-RAF type who runs the show, is into dolphins, and rather scathing about the 'manky monkeys' up on the higher slopes of Gib. If one does not see any dolphins part of his £8 fee is refunded, but that rarely happens. They appear, fins uppermost, riding the sea in pairs, by appointment it seems. The boat ride takes you around the naval dockyard, now closed down, and used as a ship servicing area by West Country firm, Appledore. However, the RN does still have a presence. Three frigates steamed in on the last Sunday I was there, much to the delight of the pretty dark-haired nursing sister from Liverpool who sat next to me in *Strings* restaurant in Cornwall's Lane.

Strings is one of Gibraltar's selection of very good restaurants. In this case, English-owned by former London PRO and army officer, Peter Wheatley. It has a Frenchified English menu, and is the sort of innovative place the English specialise in. And, by UK standards it is cheap. Visit *La Bayuca*, too; one of the Rock's top eating places, owned for the past 25 years by John and Tita Stagnetto. If I have ever tasted a better omelette anywhere else in the world all I can say is that I don't remember it. Harking back for a moment to *Strings*, Mr Wheatley's 'Desperate Dan' chicken, ham and omelette pie, baked under a tender pastry crust, is a monumental portion, best eased down by at least a bottle and a half of Spanish *Gran Reserva* at a competitive £4.90.

Gibraltar's pubs are open all day from around 11am. There are over 50, and they all provide some sort of catering. Gibraltarians tend to drive everywhere, and parking is very haphazard. The tourist will find that public transport is not only rustic (battered old buses) but regular and very cheap, or else, after a couple of days, he will find the short cuts, and use his legs. The beaches are small, but well serviced, having changing rooms and loos, with beach pickets (life guards) in attendance.

The flying time is two and a half hours from Gatwick. One of the best operators is Intasun who fly as Air Europe, a perky little charter airline offering free wine and some credible in-flight food to their clients, en route.

For further information about Gibraltar, contact:

The Gibraltar Government Tourist Office, *179 The Strand, Arundel Great Court, London WC2 (Tel: 01-836 0777/8)* or phone Intasun on *01-290 1900*.

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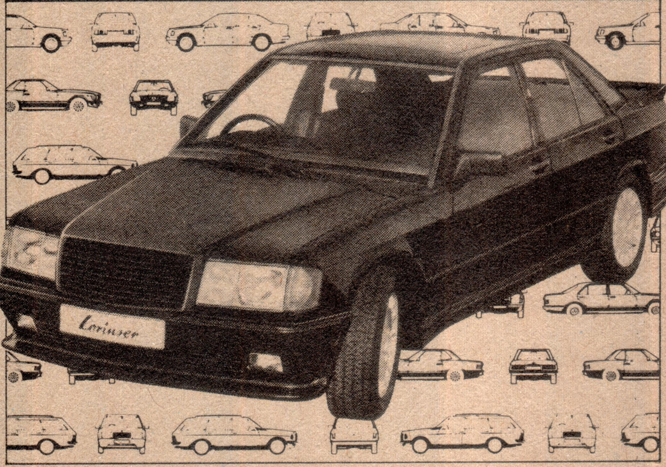

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Japan is more renowned for its cars and electronic equipment than its music. But a petite female duo are all set to put that country firmly on the musical map. Frank Chickens sound as refreshingly original as their name, and on their debut album, **We Are Frank Chickens** (Kaz) they handle topics as varied as Mothra, the giant moth monster, a female gangster disc jockey, and the atom bomb. The girls sing partly in Japanese, partly in English, and their voices have a haunting cuteness which gives them a totally fresh sound. The music is as varied as the subject matter. One minute it will be enka, a traditional Japanese ballad, the next it is a hyponotic electropop dance beat. Add to the voices and music lyrics which are bizarre, amusing and thought provoking, and the sum total is the most unusual, fascinating and inventive album I have heard for a long time. And if you get a chance, try to see their live act where they interpret their songs in hilarious dance and pantomime.

Despite a decade of critical acclaim and a lot of radio airplay, Chris De Burgh has not become the superstar he deserves to be. **The Very Best of Chris De Burgh** (Telstar) provides the perfect introduction to his talent, featuring 14 of his greatest songs. The selection includes his better known titles like *Don't Pay the Ferryman, The Ecstasy of Flight (I Love the Night)* and *A Spaceman Came Travelling*. Chris tells intriguing stories in every song, and hopefully this album will bring him to the attention of a larger audience.

Stevie Wonder needs no introduction to the public. For over 20 years he has been one of the greatest and most prolific of all soul singers, notching up literally dozens of hits. Sixteen of these all-time greats are included on the album **Love Songs** (Telstar). Even if you already have the songs they will probably be worn out by now, so this is a superb compilation which is worth the price just for *I Was Made to Love Her*.

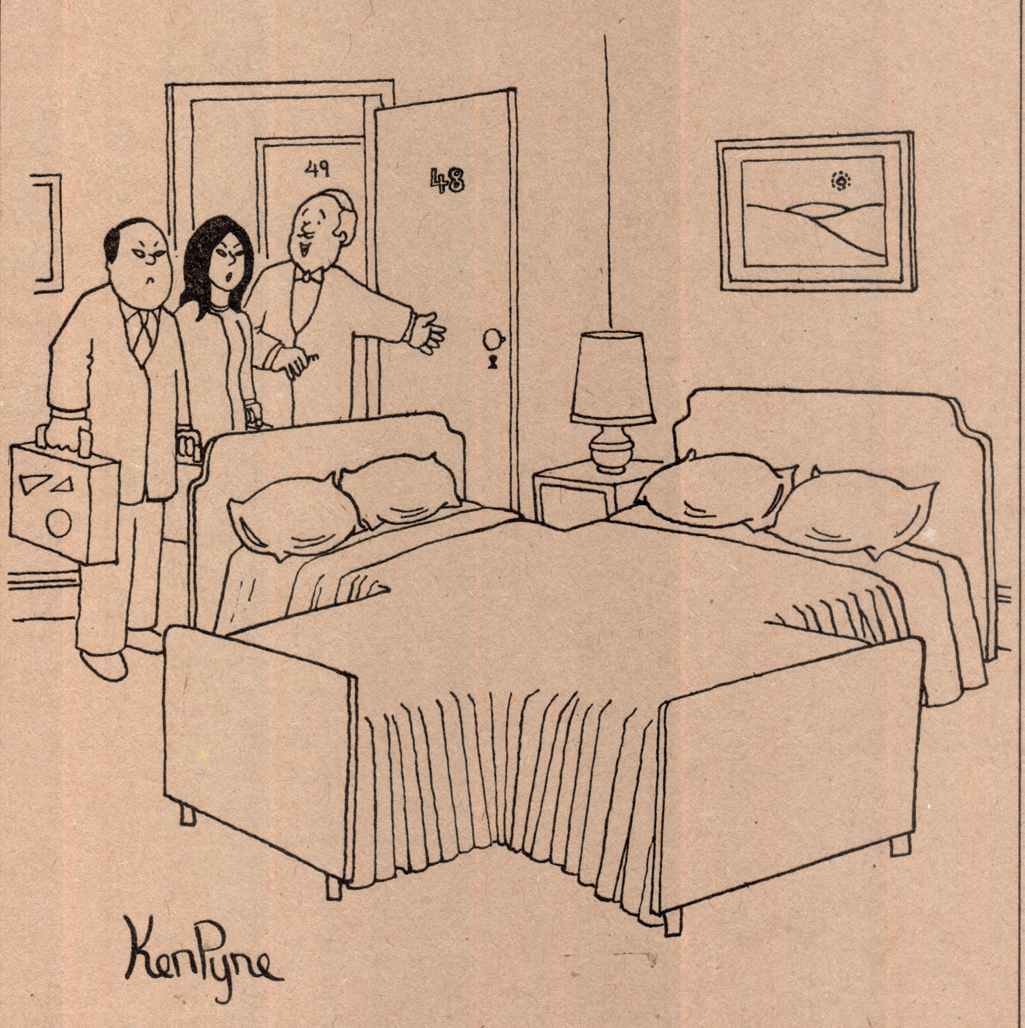
If you can't be bothered buying singles but don't want to fork out for a whole album just to get one hit song, WEA have come up with the perfect answer. **The Hits Album** features 32 hits from 1984, and they are genuine hits with no dead wood whatsoever. All tastes are catered for, from the heavy rock of Van Halen's *Jump* through the infectious disco beat of Ray Parker Junior's *Ghostbusters* to Sade's lilting *Smooth Operator*. Top marks to whoever made the selection.

Another superb compilation but of a different nature is Telstar's three-album set **Show Classics.** It features 50 showstoppers from musicals, ranging from Oklahoma through to Cats. Every tune is a much-loved favourite, and though they are not performed by the original artists, the standard of orchestra and singers is so high that it is very difficult to tell. It is virtually a history of popular shows and a real must for fans of musicals.

Distinctive British female vocalists have traditionally been hard to find, but at present we are fortunatè to be enjoying a spate of them. Helen Terry, who has lent her powerful voice to Culture Club before now, is one, and Alison Moyet ex-member of Yazoo (where she was better known as Alf) is another. Helen's solo album came out some months ago and now Alison has released one of equally high quality. **Alf** (CBS records) contains not only hits of hers like *All Cried Out* and *Love Resurrection*, but seven other tracks which could easily end up in the charts if they are ever released as singles. Alison's voice has tremendous range, soaring effortlessly from rock to blues numbers. In fact, there was only one person to choose for the backing vocals – yes, Alison herself. Recording studios are a wonderful thing – but try reproducing the effect live!

For readers who find themselves alone at the moment, or just love sad songs, K-Tel have come up with a monumental collection. The two albums (sold on a 'Buy-one-get-one-free' basis) entitled **All By Myself**, contain almost every well-known song about loneliness released in the last twenty years. As well as the title track, there is Elton John's *I Guess that's Why They Call it the Blues*, Roberta Flack's *I'd Rather Leave While I'm in Love, Tobacco Road* from Leo Sayer and over twenty more all by the original artists. Great for an evening of self pity, or as a subtle gift to a girlfriend you are thinking of ditching in the near future.

Ever since his first appearance on the *Des O'Connor Show* some years back, American comedian Kelly Monteith has been regaling us with his observations on life. Three TV series later, the BBC have released an album of his stage act, entitled **Lettuce Be Cool.** It's a lot ruder than his television show (Kelly, incidentally, started his career as an MC in strip clubs), and the subjects he covers range from the 'character' of vegetables to the problems of impotence and 'making it' in hotels.



'This, Mr and Mrs Hanimoto, is the suite specially reserved for our Oriental visitors.'

GIRLS STARTED RINGING HIM!

Most of us form friendships and relationships through the people we meet at work. So what do you do if you have a job which never brings you into contact with the opposite sex?

Susan Griffiths, a 22-year old machinist from Manchester, joined Dateline Computer Dating, and soon met John Hook, also 22, a radio design engineer from Oldham.

Having left her parents' home, Susan found that life was rather lonely. She did go to discos — mostly in the company of married friends, but she never met anyone she liked. 'In the end, one of my friends who was using Dateline recommended I should try it,' said Susan. 'He said it would do me good to meet new people, and I agreed.'

Recommended by a friend

John's circumstances were very similar. 'I just wasn't meeting anyone,' he said. One day he read a Dateline ad, and being very fed up with a social life which consisted of drinking with his friends in the evenings, he sent off to Dateline for a free computer test. He joined straight away — some months before Susan — and quickly got his first list of six names. It was then that his courage deserted him a little, and he just could not bring himself to telephone any of the girls on the list. Fortunately, girls started ringing him!

'It began from there,' he said. 'Once girls started contacting me, I was able to telephone the ones who appeared on my list. I was nervous, of course, but when I started talking I got on fine.'

'If they sound nice, they look nice....'

Susan, in the meantime, had joined Dateline. 'I met one man but that first date wasn't too successful, so I moved on to the next name on my list which was John's.' 'When I spoke to him he sounded really nice,' she said. 'To me, if they sound nice, they look nice!'

Susan and John agreed to meet and the following week he picked her up from her flat and they went out to a local pub. 'It was a very enjoyable evening,' said John. 'We couldn't stop talking, and we haven't stopped since!'

After her initial shyness, Susan too began to enjoy herself. 'I liked John as soon as I saw him,' she said. 'He looked just the type I wanted — he spoke nicely, he had good manners and a good personality.' The couple decided they very much wanted to see each other again and in fact arranged to the meet the following evening. 'I asked if it would be all right if I came to see her tomorrow and she said 'Any time you want to'. Since then we have seen each other virtually every night!'

Susan knew almost immediately that she liked John a lot. 'But within two weeks I knew he was the one for me,' she said, smiling. John took a little longer — about five weeks! 'Really we clicked almost straightaway. We managed to communicate so well and we always seemed to know what the other was thinking.'

Within two months John had proposed to Susan and she accepted without hesitation. Their formal engagement and marriage will take place later in the year. 'We've got a date in mind for the wedding,' admitted John, 'but we're not revealing it yet because I'm a bit broke!'

And how is that friend of Susan's, who originally recommended her to Dateline, getting on with his membership? 'When he first found out about the engagement I think he was a bit jealous,' she said, 'but he's now met someone through Dateline and they're getting engaged as well!'

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- ☐ Intellectual

2 Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

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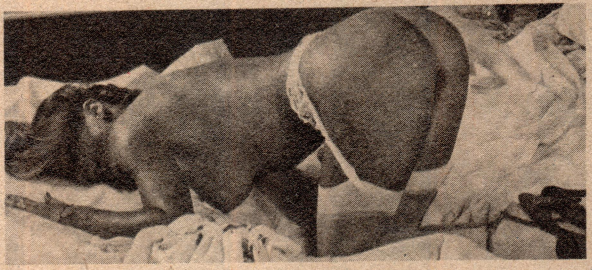

Fabulous Fiona Brown (Vol 15 No 5) is just one of the nude delights who are awaiting you in our five issue bargain offer. For £2.75 enjoy Vol 14 No 11, Vol 15 Nos 5 and 10, and Vol 16 Nos 1 and 4.

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EATING OUT

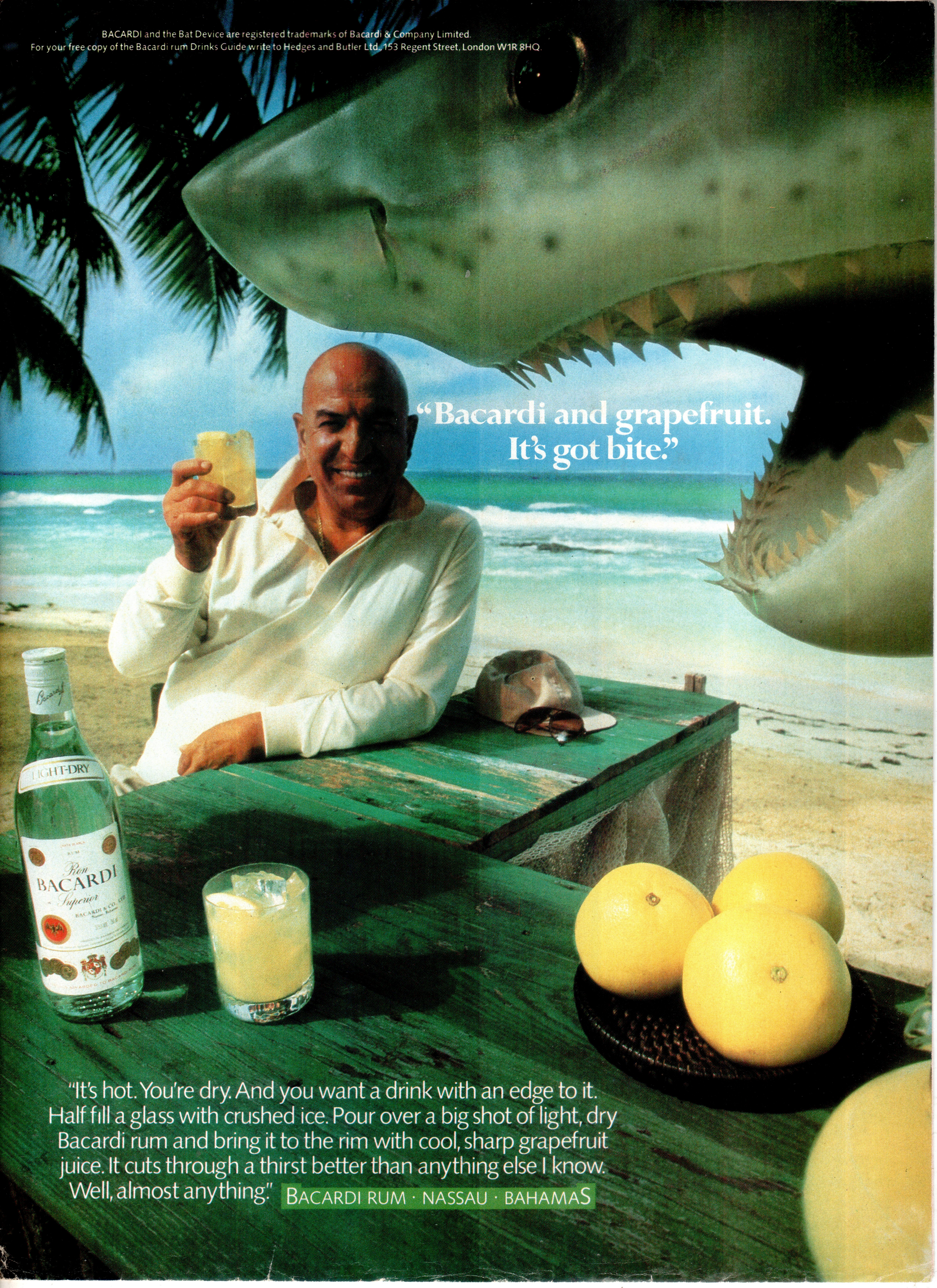
Brian O'Hanlon

Benedict's Wine Bar Restaurant *(106 High Street, Kensington, W8. Tel: 01-937 7580)* has a touch more than a Holy Roman ring to it. It's owned by two working proprietors, Joe from Carlow, and Brendan, from Limerick, and dispenses such delicacies as Abbot's Avocado (1.85) and Mystic Monk (baked monkfish, garnished with smoked salmon and prawns on rice) for £4.25. It has a church-like pointed roof, pew-like hard benches and chairs, and even the loos are labelled 'Brothers' and 'Sisters'. *Benedict's* is a pleasant first floor room overlooking the High Street Ken tube station. It's open seven days a week between 10 am to 11 pm, serving alcohol during normal licensing hours. It also does morning coffee/late breakfast, lunch and 'lite bits' (ugh . . . that spelling!) from 11 until 5.30, when the printed dinner menu takes over. The menu is enterprising and interesting: Chicken Malibu – cooked in Malibu and coconut – £4.50; Brochette of Surf'n'Turk – steak and seafood masked in piquant sauce – £4.25; french fried potato skins in cream (£1.45); Baked Fish Hotpot, flavoured with cream and *Chablis* (£1.95) with some delicious Irish oak smoked salmon (£2.75) or with prawns (£5.50). There are 50p pieces of garlic bread, 85p crispy side salads, and a good selection of cheese and dessert. It's friendly, and civilised. The proprietors have Martin from Kerry, as barman, and Irish New Yorker Jane as head waitress. 'No,' he told me. 'We don't get any punk rockers. If we see them coming we put on Frank Sinatra, and they flee!' I not only stayed but will happily return.

The Entrecote Wine Bar Restaurant is not far from *Mayfair's* offices. It's address is *124 Southampton Row, WC1 (Tel: 01-405 1466)*, and it has been owned and run by Tony Stericker for the past nine years after he sold *Down's* in Down St, W1. It began as a wine bar with food. It has evolved into a first class restaurant which keeps open until 1 am – later than any other in the area – and to midnight on Sundays. It is patronized by businessmen during the 12 to 3 period, and the doors open again at 5.30 prompt for the 'going home' crowd. After that the mood softens; there is a Brazilian lady guitarist, followed by the Russ Cochrane Trio who play music for dancing until closing. Mr Stericker's proudest boast about his restaurant is that he does not own a deep freeze! *Everything* is fresh including *les plats du jour – moules marinieres* (£2.40), *entrecote champignons* (£6.75) or *porc Curaçao* (£4.35). There is the set à la carte menu with an excellent French cuisine (beef is between £6.25 for *entrecote au poivre*, and £8.45 for T-bone). The wine card would pass any boardroom vote, beginning with fb house wine at £4.20 a bottle, a £4.85 *Blanc de Blancs, Muscadet* (£6.40) and some decent claret, rising upwards in price through a *St Emilion* at £7.50 and a *Chassagne (Jouard)* at £15.25, to *Gevrey Chambertin*, at a more ostentatious £31.50.

I went back to **Down's** that week too, at *5-6 Down St, Mayfair W1. (Tel: 01-491 3810)*, and was delighted to find it had reclaimed much of its appeal, after having gone through some lean years of late. The new look is due to the energies of manager, Albert Isri, and his friendly, smiling young staff. It's still on two levels, street and basement. The top keeps pub hours, and the lower hall has a restaurant licence until midnight, a 10 per cent service charge and £3 minimum when DJs play from 8 pm. The cold food display against the far wall is comprehensive, attractive, and reasonable in price. Blackboards tell customers the wine of the month promotion and the day's specials, house wine being 90p a glass. Go for the little knick-knacks like mushrooms in garlic butter (95p), their tasty, marmalade-cured ham (£3.75), £2.95 to £3.75 salads, burger and salad (£3.75) or steak bourmet bordelaise, at £4.85. It makes a pleasant change to find an establishment that has improved in recent years.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.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In 1896 gold was discovered on the Klondike river of northern Canada in such concentration it proved the richest strike ever. Doctors abandoned their patients, teachers their pupils in a stampede to the goldfields. Some found fortunes but others found death

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

By Peter Congreve

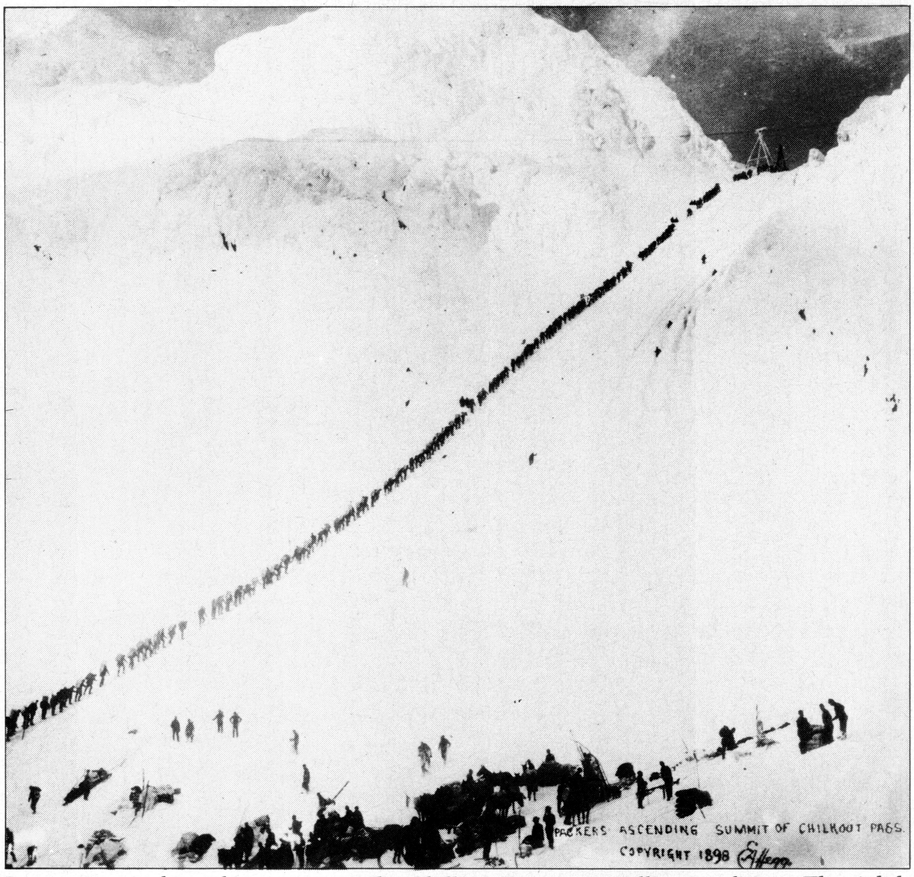
George Washington Carmack, 'Carmack the Squaw-man', stuck his spade into the sand of the Klondike, a minor tributary of the Yukon river which traverses the whole of Alaska, and pulled out the shining stuff that was to change his way of life for ever. It was August 17, 1896, and the biggest gold rush in the world's history was about to begin.

Carmack hadn't gold on his mind when he walked up the Klondike. With his Indian wife, Kate, and his two brothers-in-law, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charlie, he was more interested in catching salmon, until another prospector, Robert Henderson, suggested he try his luck up 'Rabbit Creek'. The first spadeful of sand sent all thought of salmon out of his head. With a great howl, Carmack threw down the spade, and linked arms with the two Indians, jumping up and down till finally they formed a circle, and began to dance a wild jig, throwing their hats in the air, waving their arms, and shrieking at the top of their voices. Finally they sat down exhausted, Carmack silently pondering the wealth and the happiness which he thought lay ahead of him whilst the Indians crooned a song to the Great Earth Spirit who had brought them such fortune. Only poor Kate was unhappy sensing in her bones the misery which the gold would bring her.

When Carmack's news reached the little settlement of Forty Mile, two days down the river, and the village of Circle City just over the border in American territory, these became ghost towns overnight. But more was to follow. At the end of August, prospectors, led by a fierce young Austrian, Antone Stander, working their way up from Rabbit Creek, now rechristened 'Bonanza Creek' by its exultant miners, saw a little rivulet of water which had no name but which old prospectors contemptuously

Carmack hits gold: the moment in 1896 that was to enrich or ruin the lives of thousands.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED GAMBINO



Prospectors inching their way over the Chilkoot Pass in appalling conditions. The tightly packed line resembles commuters on the escalators at Oxford Circus underground station.

referred to as 'Bonanza's Pup'. All five men were desperate and half-starved with no money in their pockets to buy food. They were all soon to be millionaires, for 'Bonanza's Pup' – its name soon changed to 'Eldorado' – was to prove the richest strike the world had ever seen.

But amid the exaltation, tragedy was already beginning to appear. 'Stake Thirty' on Eldorado had been claimed by a Russian, John Zarnowsky, but he was dying on his feet from hunger, and, after a few days' fruitless digging, sold it for a sack of flour. 'Stake Thirty' finally panned out almost two million dollars for its new owner.

Men who were easily discouraged gave up, sold out and lost fortunes. The more patient ones became millionaires. And as eager miners poured in from the neighbouring hills, a motley town of tents, shacks and saloons – grandly called Dawson City – emerged where the Klondike River joined the Yukon.

With the whole of the North held in an icy grip for eight months in the year, and with the rivers, the usual means of communication, frozen over so that no one could move, it was not surprising that the news took a year to reach civilization. But when the steamship *Excelsior* sailed into San Francisco harbour on July 15, 1897 with two tons of gold-dust on board, the world suddenly went mad. The bearded, filthy men staggered down the gang-plank with suitcases, boxes and canvas bags so heavy they could hardly drag them behind them to a shouting, cheering crowd. By the time the gold was being checked in at the refinery two hours later the news was on ticker-tape. Two days later, another ship, the *Portland*, docked at Seattle with another two tons of gold, and confirmed the news.

The stampede, when it started, reached epidemic proportions. Doctors left their patients, schoolmasters their pupils, and clergymen their congregations – sometimes half way through the service. All through the autumn and winter, men sold up their homes, deserted their wives, and left their businesses in the lurch.

Law and order in Seattle collapsed when most of the police force left without notice. The mayor was on business in San Francisco when the *Excelsior* docked. He dropped what he was doing, merely sending a cryptic message to his home town, 'Off to the Kondike'. Factories were deserted and had to close. Within ten days of the news breaking, 2,600 men had left Seattle. It was reckoned that over a million people planned to set out from all parts of the world, and almost two hundred thousand actually started on the journey.

Hardly any of them were experienced miners, and very few had any idea of the difficulties they had to face. Hare-brained schemes abounded. A clairvoyant claimed that with the help of a crystal ball, she could detect gold well below the surface of the ground, and asked for funds. She got them.

A Chicago cycling club proposed to cycle to Alaska. There were several proposals to get to the Yukon by balloon. The Beecher Memorial Church of Brooklyn floated a scheme to build another Brooklyn City on the Yukon River, close to the gold-fields. Gamblers, drinkers and men of loose-living would be excluded from it, and the utmost propriety would be maintained amongst its citizens. A party of middle-aged spinsters, hearing that the Klondike miners were single men (and wealthy at that), set out in a body with their minds set on matrimony.

The easy way to Dawson City was up the Yukon River from the Bering Sea. But the Yukon was frozen until the summer, and few were prepared to wait that long. Many Canadians tried the overland route from Edmonton in Alberta. Edmonton is eighteen hundred miles from Dawson by the Peace River and three times that distance by the Mackenzie River. Of the thousands who tried these routes, only a handful reached Dawson City, and they spent a couple of years doing it, finally arriving too late and too ill to find the gold they were seeking. Many died of frost-bite or scurvy. Some went mad. But most of the travellers were American, and the favoured way was over the mountains to the south, via the White and Chilkoot Passes, and then down the Yukon. It was here that the tenderfoot enthusiasts from the towns, the middle-aged bank clerks, the shop assistants, the school teachers, the men who did not know one end of a snow-shoe from another, and had never heard of snow-blindness, met the full horror of their situation. It was here that they were introduced to the 'Chilkoot Lock-Step.'

Imagine a thin line of men on a steep snow slope – the snow trodden by many thousands of feet into slippery ice, and a 50 mph icy wind tearing across it. The line is four miles long, and travels at the pace of the slowest. The men are so close that the panting breath of the man behind is always on the back of the one in front, and if a man steps out of line for a moment, perhaps because of the dysentry which was rampant, he will not get back again, not, that is, until the night comes and the line begins to dissolve.

At the top of the pass, in Canadian territory, stood the Mounties, barring the way to anyone who did not have a half-ton of food – a year's supply – with him. A fit man would take up to three months to get his half-ton of food up from the port of Dyea, and over the pass, and down again to the lakes below in fifty-pound packs, and 22,000 men did so. But not all were fit. Many turned back at this point.

The other route, the White Pass, was just passable to a pack-horse, and here it was the poor wretched animals that suffered. Inefficiently packed by men who had never packed a horse before, kept standing with full loads for days at a time when the narrow track was blocked, the White Pass was littered with dying animals. Men always spoke with horror of what was done to the horses, and never forgot the smell of rotting flesh. And the White Pass route had a great disadvantage. It went through the port of Skagway, the roughest, toughest place on the Pacific Coast, and at Skagway, waiting like a spider in a web, was Soapy Smith.

Soapy Smith acquired his name in the mining camps of Colorado by selling cakes of soap at five dollars a time to fools who believed there was a fifty-dollar note hidden under the wrapper. Like so many others he saw the possibilities of the Klondike, and

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The world's best-selling cigarette.

Marl

LOW TO MIDDLE TAR As defined by H. M. Government
DANGER: Government Health WARNING:
CIGARETTES CAN SERIOUSLY DAMAGE YOUR HEALTH

Armed with rocker and a sluice, a prospector could take $800 in gold dust from one pan.

Klondike Gold Rush

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decided there were better ways of obtaining gold than by digging it out of the ground.

On his first evening in Skagway, he was stopped by a man who wanted sledge-dogs to get to the gold-fields. The man came from New Orleans, and had never seen snow before. Smith walked round the back streets, and finally collected a dozen miserable strays including a corgi and a couple of spaniels.

To Soapy's considerable surprise, the man accepted the dogs gratefully, and paid for them with a wad of dollar bills an inch thick. Smith took this to be a good omen, and never looked back. Within a few months, he had made himself the uncrowned king of Skagway, with the police force, the corporation, and the newspapers in his pocket.

At the height of his career, he had a force of over two hundred confidence tricksters and common toughs under his control. These included notorious gunmen like Joe Palmer and Big Ed Burns, and confidence tricksters like 'The Reverend' Charles Bowers, a benign-looking character who played the role of clergyman, Old Man Tripp and 'Judge' Van Horn, a crooked lawyer who specialised in selling the deeds of fictitious gold mines to eager buyers. These attached themselves like leeches to the hopefuls from the day they stepped off the boat at Skagway to the moment they got to the top of the passes, and entered Canadian territory. Beyond that point, Soapy Smith dared not go.

Smith's strong line was outward respectability. He always dressed and behaved quietly, leaving the violence and extortion to his minions, and, towards the end of his career, seemed to have believed his own publicity, beginning genuinely to look upon himself as a public benefactor. His ill-gotten money was spent freely on good works and donations to hospitals, finding homes for stray dogs, and giving help to widows – often women who had been widowed by his own toughs. The high-point of his career was on the Fourth of July celebrations in 1898, which Soapy organised as chief citizen of Skagway, and which culminated in him leading the procession, riding a white horse down the main street.

Four days later Smith was dead. A lonely prospector called Stewart had come over the White Pass from Dawson with almost three thousand dollars worth of gold-dust in his possession – not much by the standards of the time, but enough to attract the interest of Soapy Smith. He walked into Smith's office, was pounced on by Soapy's toughs, and staggered out again bleeding and empty-handed. Unfortunately for Smith, Stewart was a stubborn man. He complained to the law without success – this was hardly surprising since the police-force like everything else was on Soapy's pay-roll – and then to the local Vigilante Committee.

The leading light of the Vigilantes, Frank Reid, accosted Smith, demanding that Stewart's money be returned; guns were drawn and both men fired at point blank range. Smith died instantly, and Reid a couple of days later. Troops were called in and martial law was declared as attempts were made to lynch Smith's gang.

A shrewd observer, a historian of the time with a medical background, noted that the men pouring into Skagway carried all the signs of insanity. Over the mountains, many believed, the gold lay in great shining heaps, and all they had to do, they thought, was to shovel it into the sacks they brought with them. A woman standing in Skagway high street offered the passing men anything, anything, so long as she could be taken over the mountains and make her fortune. She would marry them, sleep with them, darn their socks and cook their meals, but she must get to the Klondike. She had no takers. Compassion and chivalry were left behind as the crazed men poured over the passes.

The full force of the rush hit Dawson in June, 1898, but a few tough old prospectors had managed to cross the mountains in the autumn of '97, and get down the Yukon River before it froze up. They congratulated themselves on crossing the Chilkoot before the Mounted Police had set up their post, and laid down their 'stupid rules' about bringing in a year's supply of food. They had little food with them – they believed in travelling light – but carried plenty of American dollars to buy it in their belts.

When they arrived at Dawson, they were horrified to find that paper-money was worthless, and even gold would not buy the necessities of life. They were told to get out or starve. Most of them, being shrewd men, got out, back across the passes. They were wise to. Famine stalked the streets. The two river steamers bringing food up the Yukon were in trouble; they had to pass Circle City, a lawless place, full of hungry men, and the prospectors there, armed with rifles, boarded the boats, and hijacked most of the supplies. Furthermore, the river was now frozen. Valuable sledge dogs were abandoned by their owners who could not feed them, and roamed the streets. Many men ate dog that winter. The Mounties would not gaol a man unless he could bring his rations with him. Everything was in short supply except gold.

And gold there was in plenty. Other fields, like South Africa, have produced more in total, but there the gold was thinly spread out, and needed machinery to extract it. At the Klondike, the gold in sheer concentration was the richest the world had ever seen, and any fool with a rocker or a sluice could pan out a fortune. As much as 800 dollars in dust could be taken from a single pan – the work of a moment. And it was a fact that the big finds, the 'Bonanzas' and 'Eldorados' went to lucky amateurs and ne'er-do-wells rather than experienced prospectors.

And through the icy winter, the 'lucky amateurs' worked. The 'pay-dirt' always lay below a layer of useless, permanently frozen, soil, often 20 feet thick. Fires were lit and kept burning day and night, thawing the ground whilst the men dug down till they hit the gold. The miner would then spread out in passages along the seam, digging out the precious sand, slowly building up through the winter a great pile or stack of pay-dirt. When summer came, and the frozen streams melted, and water was freely available, the dirt was shovelled into rough sluices where the water washed away the muck whilst the gold dust and nuggets, five times heavier

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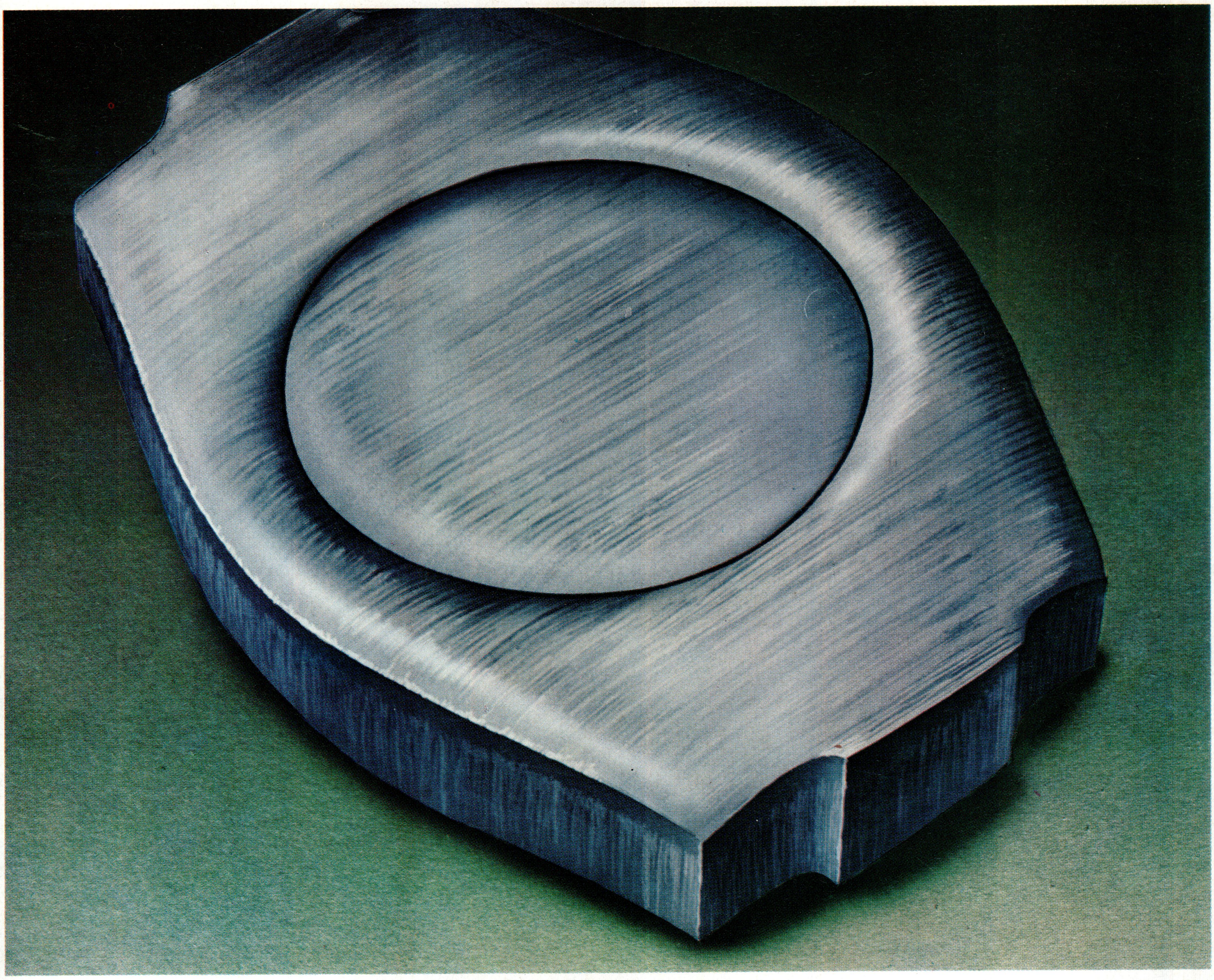

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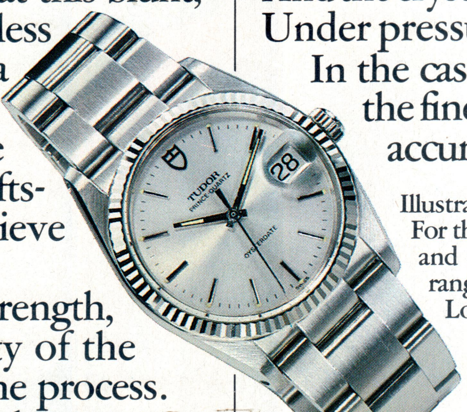

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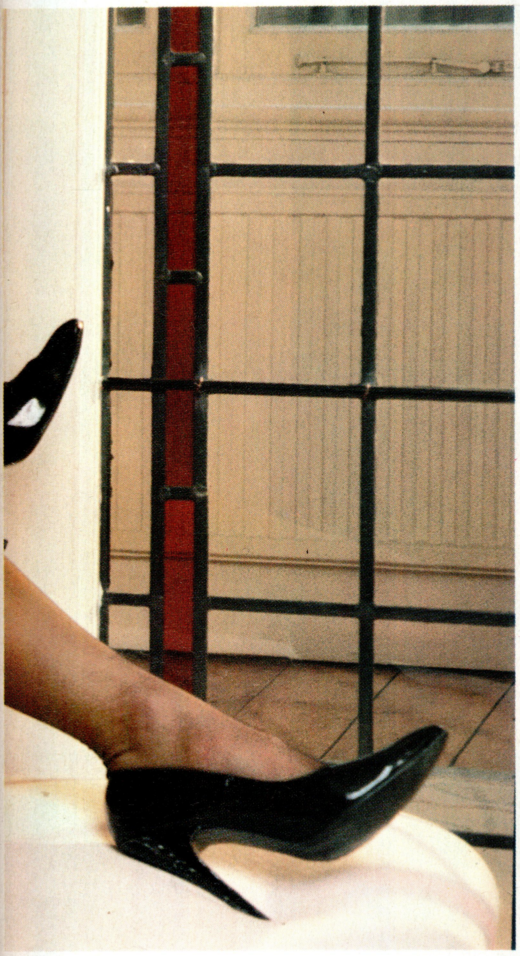
TUDOR

TOUGHEST. STRONGEST. SUREST.

Denise

PHOTOGRAPHED BY WARREN POOLE

It's not many of our models who can claim to have appeared on stage at Sadlers Wells, but 19-year-old Denise D'Cruz has. As a pupil of the Sally Chanelle Stage School she appeared in pantomimes at that theatre. 'I was always playing the boys' parts because I was tall,' said our five foot nine beauty who measures in at a distinctly unboyish 35–25–35. Denise studied ballet for 13 years, and was taught traditional Hungarian and Greek dance.



Denise was brought up in Tooting where she went to Hydeburn Comprehensive. 'I hated school, and left at 15 when I spent two months working in Chelsea Girl.' As soon as she was 16 Denise turned to modelling, fashion and topless. 'I have done fashion shows in Paris and Olympia. Myself, I buy cheap clothes, and add trimmings to make them look pricey.'

Klondike Gold Rush

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than the sand, would sink to the bottom of the sluices where it would be caught on wooden slats and rough corduroy. The last trace of sand was removed in the miner's pan. It was a crude and wasteful method of mining, which any fool could soon pick up, but it worked.

Most of the miners were American with a dislike of organised authority, and a tradition of settling disputes and crimes themselves. Over the border, in Circle City, miners' committees handed out punishments, fines, hard labour, even occasionally a flogging, and on more than one occasion, a hanging. Not so here. Dawson was a wild, disorderly place but, like Skagway, murder was rare. Dawson was in Canadian territory, and the 'Mounties' would not stand for any nonsense. Sam Steele, the Superintendent, forbade the carrying of side-arms in the town.

But outside, in the diggings, violence often erupted as claims were jumped, and men took the law into their own hands, with pick handle or spade. There was the sad case of the Yankee Swindler. The Yankee had turned up in Dawson with a string of mules loaded with food, and a story of a wonderful strike in the country 20 miles to the north. He produced evidence – a handful of gold nuggets. The stampede started, and, yes, gold was found; not much, a mere fleck or two in the bottom of the pan, but this was encouragement enough.

The Yankee, strangely enough, did not prospect himself, but made a fortune selling his beans and biscuits at astronomical prices to the frantic miners. And then his luck ran out. A man reported seeing the Yankee buying his gold from the assay office in Dawson; a small boy had seen him behaving oddly, firing away with his shot-gun at the sand banks where the prospectors were still hopefully working. Some of the men were veteran miners from the Mid-West; they knew all about 'salting' a claim, they knew how easy it was to spread an ounce or two of gold dust by loading into a shot gun cartridge and they knew that they had been duped. A week later the dead body of the swindler was found lying by his starving mules. He had been kicked to death.

Within a few months of the gold being found, a different kind of person, a 'gold digger' who was not a miner, began to appear. These were men and women who had decided that it was easier to dig gold out of a miner's pocket than out of the ground. It was strangely true that a man, desperate to find a fortune in the frozen sands of the Klondike seemed equally desperate to get rid of it as quickly as he could.

A miner who had struck it rich was expected to stand a drink every night in the bars for anyone thirsty enough to want one – and there were a lot of thirsty men around. Outside one of the saloons was a ship's bell which was struck when a Klondike king was 'making his stand', to call the men off the street. Drinks were always paid for in gold dust, weighed out at the counter, the miner turning his back on the barman whilst this was being done so as not to question his honesty.

In fact, few of the barmen were honest; the weights used for measuring out the gold were usually crooked, the scales were set on velvet cloth to catch any spills, and some barmen greased their hands with lard to collect as much of the precious dust as possible.

The gold got everywhere. When morning came at one saloon, and the last tipsy reveller had left, the exhausted staff, pulling back the curtains to let the sun in, always saw the black mahogany bar suddenly jump to life with a brilliant golden glitter. An oily rag carefully rubbed over the surface would take care of that. But what did it matter? Gold was cheap. Whisky was expensive – it had to come a long way – and a round in a crowded saloon would cost as much as a labourer could earn in a year, but what did it matter? On a good strike, a man could pay for a round by merely reaching down and picking a few nuggets out of the ground.

If gold dust was cheap, the necessities of life were priceless. A man who had laboured up the Chilkoot pass with a 60 pound sack of salt on his back, found he could sell it in Dawson for gold, weight-for-weight. A hobo who came up the Yukon river with a boatload of kittens found he had made a fortune. He had been laughed at as a fool when he started (as well he might), but miners, living alone in their shacks were desperate for company, any company. And they paid in gold – always in gold.

The saloons were crudely built affairs, like

turn to page 48

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Jameson Irish Whiskey. Like father, like son.

"I say, old chap, not awfully sure about the hair-style, what?"

"It's the fashion, Dad."

"And this scotch tastes a bit expensive, what?"

"It's not scotch, it's Jameson."

"Irish whiskey?"

"It's the fashion, Dad."

"I know! Made from the finest Irish barley, the softest spring water and..."

"Dad?"

"It's distilled three times to give it that distinctive flavour."

"Dad?"

"Yes, old chap?"

"Lend me a quid and I'll buy you another."

"Oh! That's the fashion, I suppose."

(Indulgent father hands son a fiver.)

JAMESON
EST'D 1780
SINE METU
IRISH WHISKEY

You'll never know until you've tried it.

Klondike Gold Rush
continued from page 46
everything else in Dawson City, the front facing the street fair enough, but the inside jerry-built by hack carpenters with gaps in the walls and floor through which the wind whistled.

One saloon owner, Harry Ash of the *Northern Saloon*, decided he needed a piano. It came over the mountains in small pieces, and cost Ash a fortune, but it was worth it. On the piano's first night, he took 30,000 dollars at the bar, and left Dawson three months later a wealthy man.

The women in the saloons and dance-halls were a tough-looking lot, and they had to be. Like the piano, they had come over the Chilkoot Pass, and only a woman as hard as nails could survive that, carrying on her back her stock-in-trade, a cheap evening dress, a pair of high-heeled shoes, and a dozen pairs of black silk stockings. They all expected to make their fortunes, and many of them did. By the end of their stay, most were wearing the accepted sign of success for a saloon-girl, a belt of heavy nuggets round the waist, donated by admirers amongst the prospectors.

Most of the saloon-girls were known only by their nick-names; they had a great reluctance to hear their surnames used – and often for good reasons, for some of them had plenty to hide. 'Laramie Lilly', a gigantic woman, part Spanish, part Indian, and part Eskimo (she may have been the original Eskimo Nell of the ballad), was reported to have spent a year in a Mexican gaol for biting off another woman's ear in a quarrel over a necklace. Another, the 'Grizzly Bear', had only one eye: she had lost the other in a fight with another bar-girl. Another, Gertie Lovejoy, had a dentist fix a diamond between two of her front teeth, and was known throughout Dawson as Diamond-Tooth Gertie.

One evening, she summed up the situation in her crude way. 'All those poor bums out there think they're sitting on a gold-mine, but they're wrong. There's only one sitting on a gold-mine, and that's me.' Mattie Silks, a brothel-keeper from Denver, arrived from over the White Pass with eight of her girls, and a pair of gold-scales for weighing out the dust they would earn for her.

Characters were appearing amongst the miners. A poor man, suddenly wealthy, behaved in an odd way. Such a character was Swiftwater Bill Gates. He had struck it rich on 'Number Thirteen' claim on the Eldorado field, rejected by everyone else because it was thought unlucky. Overnight, this small, frightened mouse of a man, who earned his living washing dishes, and was treated with barely concealed contempt by his companions, blossomed into something strange and exotic.

He threw away his rags, and bought fine clothes, a top-hat, sponge-bag trousers, a morning-coat, a grey waistcoat and spats, and a starched shirt with a big diamond tie-pin. The coat and trousers, like the rest of his clothes, were bought in by mail-order, and did not fit; the top-hat was too big, and rested on his ears below which his round little face with its drooping moustache and bloodshot eyes peered nervously.

Swiftwater went to town in other ways. Girls had always despised this weedy little creature; now they flocked round him, and he began to believe that women found him fascinating. He set up with a saloon girl called Gussie Lamore, a sister of the notorious Nellie Lamore, known in Dawson as 'Nellie the Pig.'

Swiftwater indulged her every whim. Gussie lusted after fresh eggs, a very expensive commodity in Dawson, so when she left him for another man, Swiftwater bought up every egg in town – and it cost him a fortune – had them fried, and then, seated in his favourite chair in the saloon, threw them one by one to the hoard of starving sledge dogs which roamed the streets. He spent his fortune, found another, and finally died in Peru with two wives, an irate mother-in-law, and a prison sentence for bigamy behind him.

Another wealthy man was Charley Anderson. He had wandered into a saloon, got drunk, and had been sold a 'worthless' claim by a couple of rogues for 80 dollars, all he had in the world. The next day, sober, he tried to sell it back to them, but they only laughed in his face. Anderson decided to have a look at the ground, 'Stake Twenty-nine', on Eldorado, and finally dug out a million dollars in dust and nuggets.

As the gold-hungry men poured in, the city of Dawson grew. By the summer of '98, it had changed from a shanty-town of tents, hovels and squalid saloons to the biggest city north of San Francisco and west of Toronto, with about 60,000 people and with every convenience of civilisation. For a year it basked in its glory, and then it collapsed, for the Kondike boom ended as quickly as it had begun. Output from the mines had been falling for months as the great masses of pay-dirt were worked out. The many thousands of miners lounging in the streets of Dawson City had nothing to do.

And then, in June 1899, rumours started of another great strike in Alaska, at Norton Sound, near the mouth of the Yukon River. The rumour was repeated, denied, repeated again, and finally confirmed. A great town of tents was being erected at the little village of Nome on Norton Sound, just as had happened at Dawson three years before. History was repeating itself. Within hours the stampede had begun, and Dawson was a ghost city. So ended the Klondike gold rush.

Few of the men who dug out the gold got much happiness from it. Carmack spent one idyllic evening in Seattle throwing gold nuggets by the handful from his hotel window to a baying crowd in the street below, but his Indian wife, Kate, a poor, simple woman, could not adjust to her sudden wealth. Treated with contempt by head-waiters (she never learnt to use a knife and fork, and still ate with her fingers), and always terrified of loosing her way in the many passages of the grand hotels where her husband led her, she took to drink. Carmack left her for a bar-girl, a camp-follower who had plied her trade through all the other gold-rushes of the world.

Antone Stander, the discoverer of Eldorado, ended his days peeling potatoes in a ship's galley. Poor, slow-witted Charley Anderson married a dance-hall girl who ruined him, and he also died in poverty, working as a day-labourer in British Columbia.

Not many of the miners had the ability to hang on to the wealth they had found, and the profit went to the saloon owners and the bar-girls, the Harry Ash's and Mattie Silks of the world.

And yet the men who wrote afterwards about the Klondike always spoke of it with affection – to them it was, truly, the golden period of their lives. And their joy was, strangely, not the finding of the gold, nor the spending of it, but rather the rough comradeship, the helping hand, the endurance of difficulties together. All agreed they had found themselves in the snow and ice of the Yukon.

'Perhaps a little less allegro in the Nutcracker Suite *next time, Miss Ogilvy.'*

The Mouse Trap

continued from page 26

her come in. She switched on the light. I tensed. She turned. A slow smile rippled on her face.

'Mickey?'

I made the approximation of a squeak, and pulled at the kid gloves. She sat on the edge of the bed, and reached down to rub one ankle.

'You took your time,' she said.

I squeaked again. She laughed, and kicked off her shoes, padding over to kneel at my feet. She picked at a button of my jacket.

'Are you real?' she said, and slid a hand along my thigh. The waitress eyes were down. In place were ones of the collector. I felt horny, and tapped her chin with a gloved hand. She climbed onto my lap, and squirmed against me like a cat. I fumbled with a button on her blouse, and another, cupping the swell of her full breast in my hand. There was no resistance. She was pulling at my shirt, and pressing her face into my chest.

'Take me to bed, Mickey,' she whispered as my hand caressed the lace over her breast.

Her skirt was rucking up her thighs, and through the eyeholes of my mask I glimpsed a stretch of stocking top, and taut silk at the join. I moved my hand from her breast, and slid it along the length of leg to where the laced elastic of her suspender belt caught its little clutches of nylon.

Her legs moved apart. She shivered as my hand probed further.

'Come on,' she breathed.

I was dying in the mask. I wanted to tear it off, and assault her lips with mine, but I knew that would blow the gaff. This was going to be strictly non-oral, and she splayed herself out on the bed, blouse loose, legs loose, and swollen anticipation on her face, her eyes half closed, and her lips snared back on her admirable teeth.

I knelt between her legs, and undid the remaining buttons on her blouse. My erection was trapped inside my trousers, and her hand fluttered at the bulge.

'Hey Mickey,' she said, 'you've grown.'

I growled, and she deftly unzipped my fly, plunging her hand in to massage my beating flesh. I was busy with her clothes, uncovering tracts of naked skin, and burrowing amongst all those filmy things a mouse is so fond of.

I slithered over her body with my gloves, unsnagging the front catch of her bra, and molesting her nipples with my gloved palms. Her hands were cradling my balls, and dragging at the root, hauling out my friend to wave in the air. But not for long.

She clutched her hands at my thighs, and hoisted me along her body until her inquisitive tongue licked at me. Mouth to Mouse.

I started rocking. She began panting, and took inches, her wet spittle easing glowing pleasure as I grabbed her head, and moved it to and fro. She bucked, and now I was kneeling astride her, bending one hand back to slip across the moistened silk of her knickers. She sucked, I probed, and my head inside the mask was as hot as hell. I was way down her throat now, on the brink of no return, and like tantalising angels her hand came up to set my balls on fire.

I exploded. She coughed, and I had to lean over her as she performed the coup de grace while I searched for air inside my sticky mask.

Her head flopped back, and she sighed, 'Mickey, the nose, the nose.'

She pushed insistently at my shoulders before pulling my head down until the tip of Mickey's nose jostled with her nipples. Hell, if there was only feeling in there, but I understood. I pursued her panties down her legs, and slid my mask into the welcoming V of her thighs.

She helped me, desperately clutching at the hard round tip, guiding it into her. She gasped as the nose pushed in. I pushed my neck. Her legs jerked back and up while my hands groped at the rough stocking tops, forcing them wider as I thrust into her with my head.

Hard breaths snorted from her. She was gripping my shoulders, arching as she climbed into some ecstatic plane with the rubber nose invading her.

I could sense blood pumping into my cock. It was too much to bear, and I let the nose have one last deep sniff before replacing it myself.

She grunted, and wrapped her arms about my shoulders. I responded, and moved deeply into her. She encouraged me, and wrapped her delicious legs across my back.

We pummelled the bed, her hoarse breaths sounding in my huge black ears until, with all the force of a sledge hammer, I delivered the vinegar stroke, pumping as she bucked on her own climax.

She was spent. I was collapsed across her, my hired head scratchy with sweat, and she was swollen and bruised. 'Mickey, Mickey,' she whispered, 'welcome to the collection.'

I eased out a long suffering squeak. I was itching to throw off the disguise, but she seemed so bent on lying flaked underneath me, making tiny sounds of satisfaction.

What now? I thought inside the mask, trapped as she dragged the covers over us, unwilling to let me go – hugging me like a teddy when all I wanted was to shoot the crow.

She slept in post-climactic peace, and gently I eased myself from beneath the duvet. I headed for the window and fresh air, stumbling into the street, and ripping off the mask.

The night was champagne. The deed was done, and sapped I padded back to the car thinking, you've done it once, now why not do it again? Or something even better.

* * *

Charlie wasn't going to let me in.

'Absolutely no mice,' he said as I fronted up, dressed for Carla. Other diners were laughing and pointing. I pushed up the mask.

'Come on, Charlie, it's me.'

'Christ, Max,' he said.

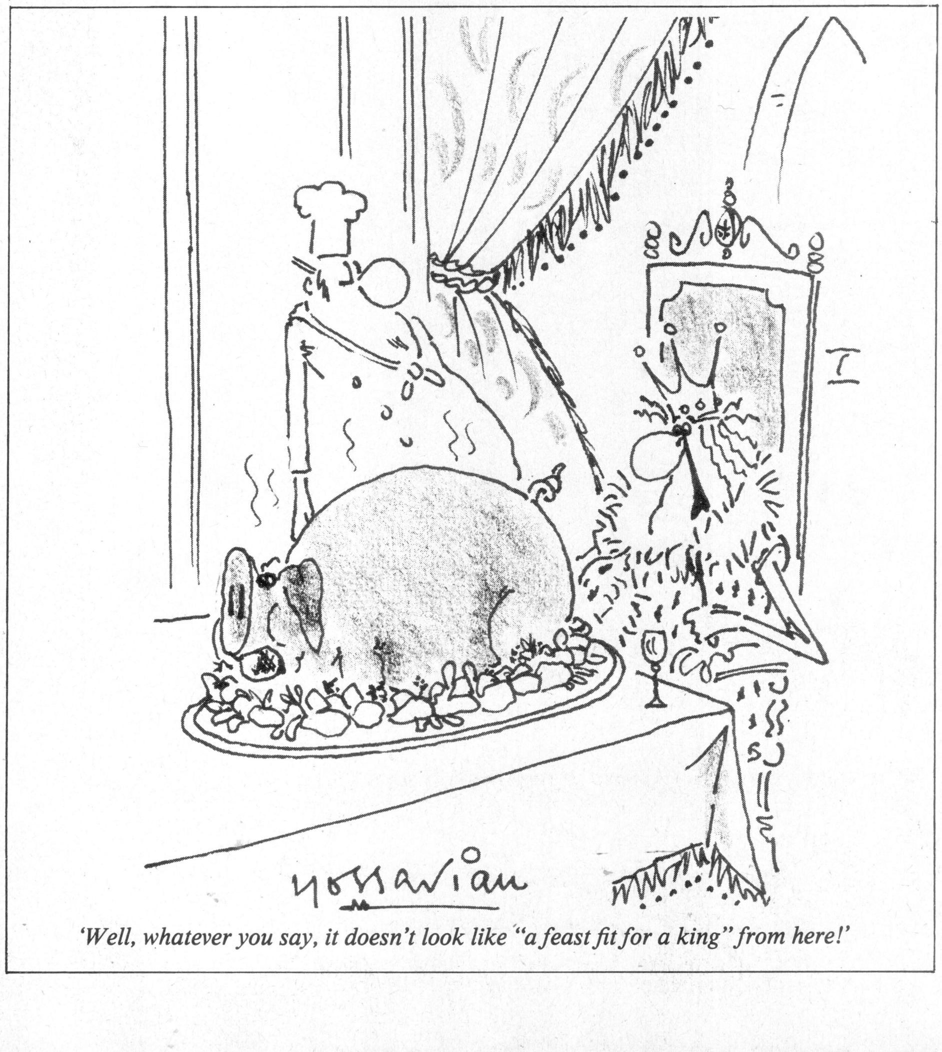
I sat down at the table. The whole ensemble was swivelled round to watch. Carla came banging out of the servery doors, balancing a table of plates.

I tracked her. Just waited with the kid gloves on the table – quiet as a mouse. She saw. Her expression was a million dollars. She checked again, and the first plate slid, then the next – all tumbling down in a mess of cordon bleu.

'Mickey – fucking. . .'

She froze as I whipped off the mask.

'Mickey Max,' I said. 'At your service.'



'Well, whatever you say, it doesn't look like "a feast fit for a king" from here!'

Philippa

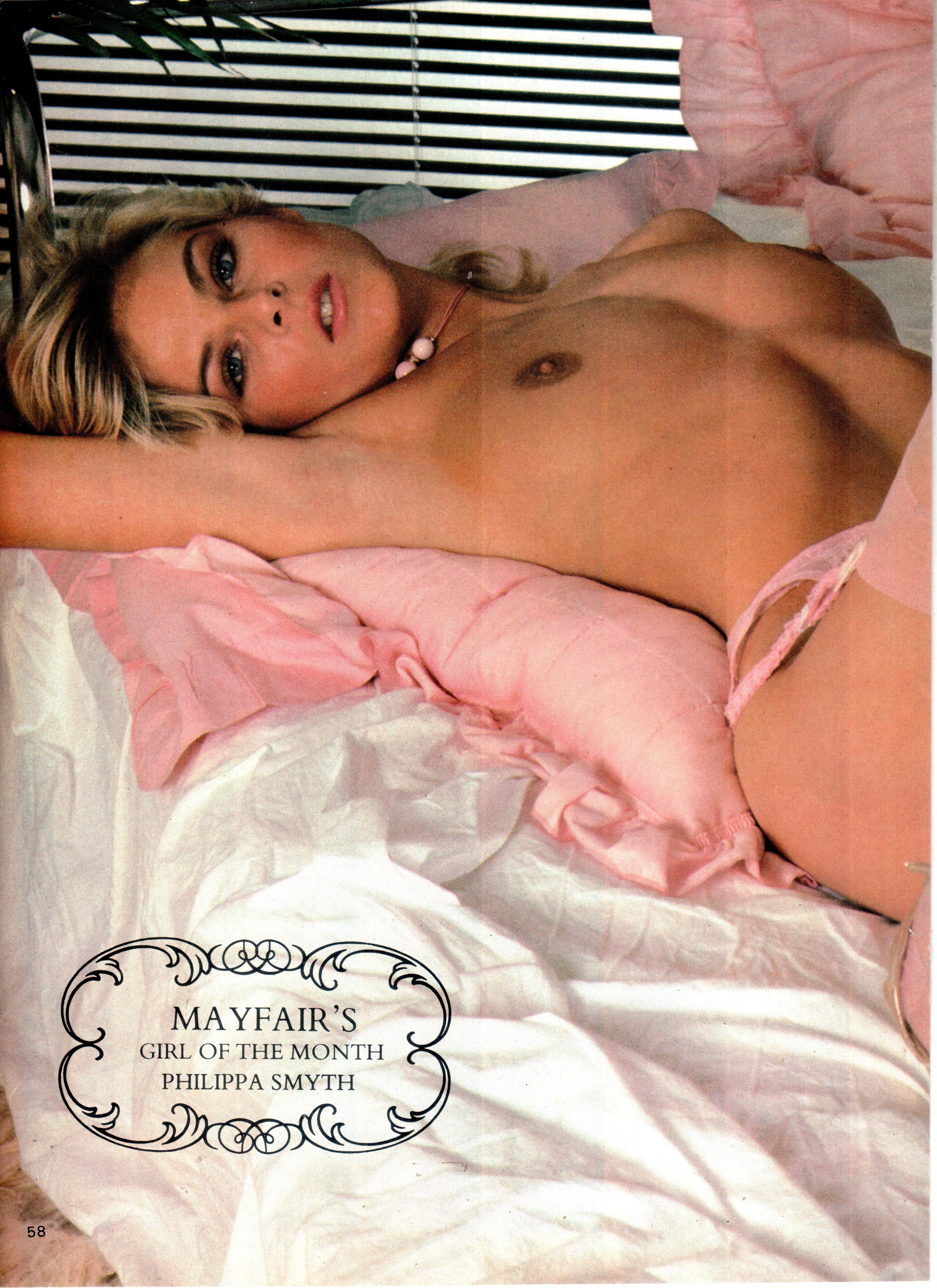
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

When sexy 22-year-old Philippa Smyth called in at the *Mayfair* offices to tell us all about herself, one of our journalists was rash enough to try the corny line that she made his pulse race. He thought it was his lucky day when she reached out to take his wrist, but soon realised his mistake when our blonde beauty announced, 'No it's not, it is perfectly normal.' For Philippa is a medical student, and hopes eventually to become a general practitioner. 'I always wanted to go into medicine

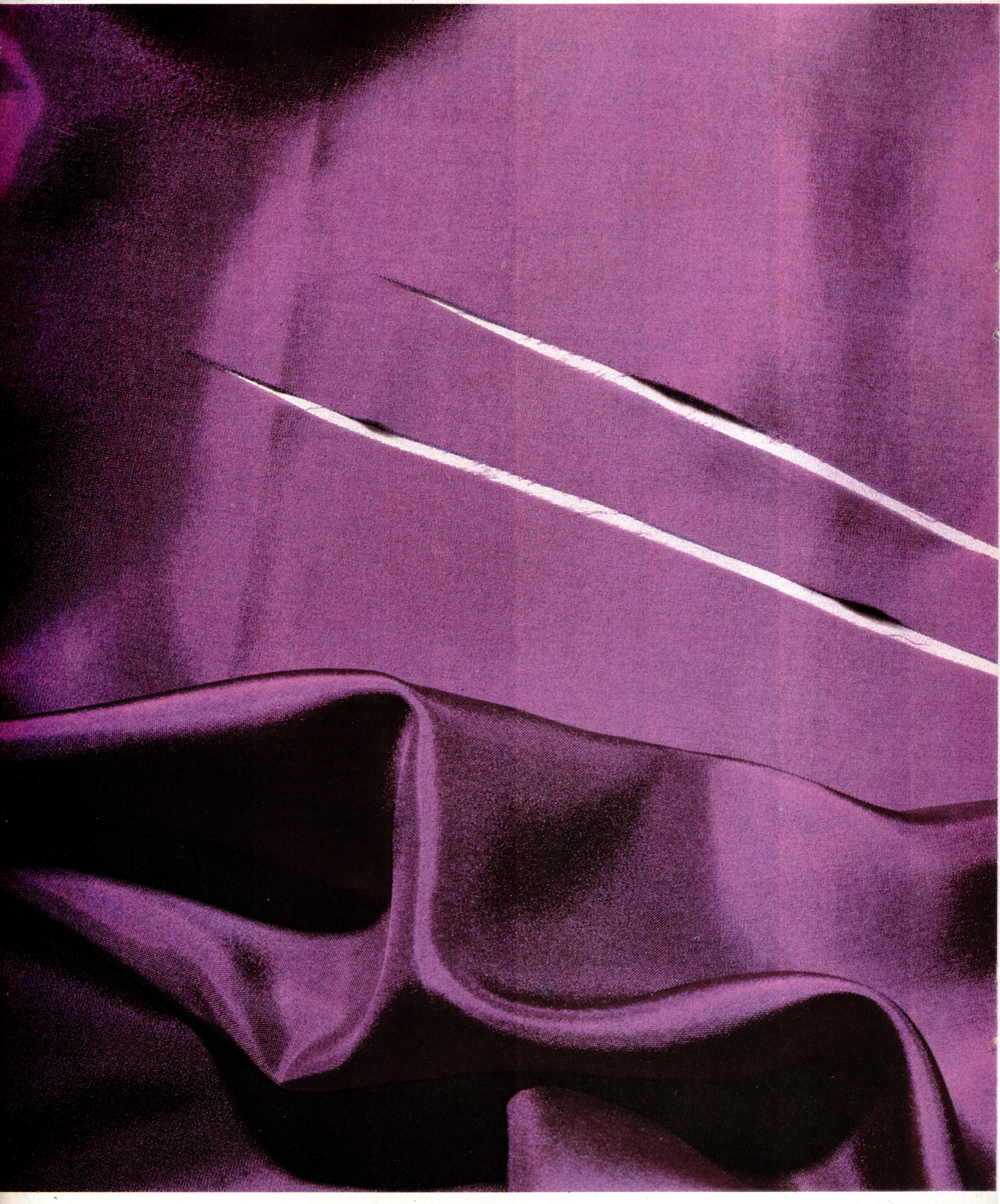
because it is a way of doing something useful with my life as well as meeting lots of people. I couldn't bear to be stuck in an office all day.' We have to thank Philippa's medical colleagues for her delightful 35-24-35 appearing in *Mayfair*. 'We are having a fund-raising drive for charity, and they have sponsored me to model. Besides, I've always fancied trying glamour modelling.' Modest Philippa wouldn't say for how much she is sponsored, but whatever they forked out it was worth it.

Philippa was brought up in a small village outside Windsor, and went to the local convent school. 'I hardly knew what boys were until I started going out to discos at seventeen,' she said. 'I used to be very shy with them, but I've grown out of that since being at medical school. Doctors are renowned for their wild sense of humour, and we see so many naked bodies you soon lose any feelings of embarrassment. But I still go weak at the knees when I see Richard Dreyfuss in a film. He was in *Jaws* and the *Goodbye Girl*, and he's so cuddly and witty. I think a sense of humour is much more important in a man than just having a set of muscles, but I like those too.'

Most of Philippa's evenings are spent studying the dozens of books that form part of her course. But she does enjoy the London nightlife on Saturdays. 'I think it would be a crime to stay in on a Saturday night. There are so many good clubs and restaurants in town that I want to try as many as possible. I'm not into these places where people go just to be seen, I like dancing. It's good exercise, and I can't think of a better place to meet lots of guys without any commitment to see them again.' She has no regular boyfriend, and no plans of settling down for several years. I have a lot of studying to do, and must not be too distracted yet.'



MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
PHILIPPA SMYTH



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The Triumph Stag, made between 1970 and 1977, is now a valuable collector's car thanks to the keeness of the Stag Owners Club. These Stags were photographed at Barnes Common. Large picture top: A 1974 model. Three pictures below it: A Stag built in Coventry in 1977.

In 1970, Triumph introduced their Stag, a 3-litre vee-eight sports car set to rival Mercedes and Alfa Romeo. Although now a sought-after model, it took, like Eartha Kitt's Englishman, a long time to get going

TRACKING DOWN THE STAGS

Motoring with William Boddy
Photographed by Andrew Morland

The Triumph Stag was one of those motor-cars which should have been a very nice job indeed, but which never quite got off the ground. It was a compact, distinctively sporting, smooth functioning confection, which the long-established Triumph people introduced to an expectant section of the motoring public in 1970.

The concept behind the Stag design was to offer a brisk two-seater luxury car, plus a ledge for two children – or midgets, with convertible bodywork. It also incorporated the unusual feature of a built-in roll-over bar, as on a Targa Porsche. Perhaps too much was expected from this old and presumably wise motor manufacturer.

Triumph started by selling good motorcycles in the pioneering days of the motor movement, and produced sporting cars from around 1923. The company's reputation was made with these splendidly reliable motorcycles, as used by numerous dispatch-riders in both World Wars, and it didn't change its title from the Triumph Cycle Co to Triumph Motor Co until 1930. It remained, until the demise of this famous motor-make, a Coventry concern. But if, come war, come strikes, this famous motor

manufactury continued to be Warwickshire-based, by the time it was about to announce the Triumph Stag it had not long to run before the British Leyland umbrella embraced it.

Long before this, Triumph sports-cars had been renowned for that well-known TR range of ever-faster motor-cars that gave a bit of spice to driving. So when, 15 years ago, the Stag was announced, considerable healthy interest was aroused. Seen as a car that might well continue the sporting traditions of the TRs, while providing a touch of comfort for those growing out of bumpy, noisy 'boy-racer' machinery, the Stag was in a class of its own. Indeed, the Triumph

All Stag models contained a 2,997cc V8 engine, giving them a top speed of 115 mph. These examples were spotted at the Standard Triumph Club meeting in Oxfordshire. Large picture top right: A 1974 model, below it, a Stag looking equally stylish with the soft-top up, like the example, bottom near left. Bottom far left: A yellow Stag Mark I in front of a Mark II, distinguished by the black trim. Above this picture, the prototype for the Stag, made by Triumph in 1969. To its right, the 1974 model. Above that, a 1977 Stag. Top left: Another pristine Mark II.

OAX 643R

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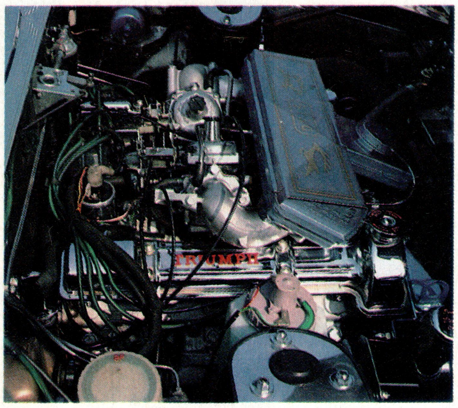
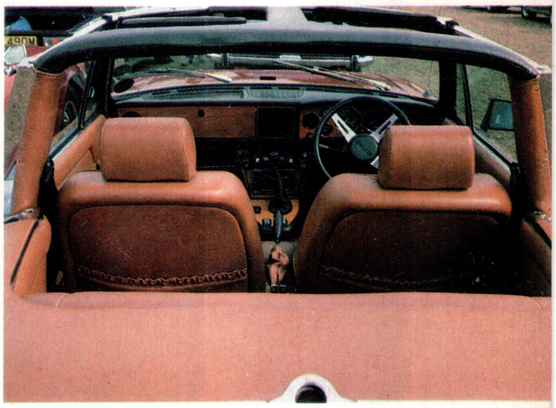
Motor Co had taken pains to make it an attractive proposition on paper. Especially since it was to be powered by their own vee-eight-cylinder engine.

Even to this day, the vee-eight engine is the epitome of top-class motoring. For years, it has been what you would expect to find beneath the broad bonnets of those vast American automobiles which make commuting many hundreds of miles in a day over broad US roads so undemanding. It is the cylinder configuration used for modern Rolls-Royces and Bentleys, by Daimler for their never-to-be-forgotten gem, the Majestic Major, and for many other cars. There is nothing very new about having eight cylinders in vee formation. The extremely old De Dion Bouton company had it in their bigger models before the Kaiser War, and car historians have a fine time debating how much this influenced Cadillac in America to make a vee eight of their own. In the early 1930s Ford did a very clever thing (as the Ford Motor Co has so often done). They





Large picture left and above: A Mark II Stag that was first on the road in 1976. Top left: Another Mark II, this time built in 1977, with a view of its stylish rear to its right. Top right: Triumph's Stag logo positioned just above the rear bumper. Two pictures below it, left: The 3-litre, V8 power-pack that gave the Stag a 0-50 time of 8.1 seconds, and 145 bhp at 5500 rpm. Right: One of the Stag's most distinctive features, the roll cage but built into the car's design.

managed to make a cast-iron V8 engine with integral crankcase and cylinder blocks, that came out cheap, and revolutionised low-price high-performance motoring. In fact, I believe that, strictly, 'V8' remains Ford's copyright slogan, and that when we writers reduce 'vee-eight' to V8 we may be committing a technical breach of copyright.

Anyway, the vee-eight engine had been about for a very long time, but was unusual for a sporting car when Triumph decided on one for their Stag. In earlier times eight or more cylinders were the mark of automotive snobbishness, especially when these 'pots' were set in line, under an imposingly long bonnet. Later, such unwieldly engine-covers were impractical, on ever-more-crowded roads, and the shorter vee-eight, took over. The engine the Stag used was of 3-litres, and poked out some 145 bhp. I well recall the excitement the new car caused, and it was a model I have always very much liked – not having had to buy and service a Stag of my own!

When it was revealed in the summer of 1970, the specification was even better than anticipated. The 2,997 cc engine was of light alloy, with a short stroke and a chain-driven oh-camshaft over each bank of cylinders. It developed the afore quoted power output at a lively 5,500 rpm, and it had a five-bearing crankshaft, not as common then as it is in the 1980s. Triumph had got this power-pack from an engine developed for the Saab 99, it was said, although that motor was of only 1.7 litres. You could have the Stag with a strengthened gearbox from the Triumph 2.5PI saloon, using Laycock overdrive on third and top gears, or with a Borg-Warner automatic transmission. The brakes were disc in front and – remember, this was in 1970 – there were electric window-lifts, independent suspension all round, and power rack-and-pinion steering. Air-conditioning was an extra. The small back-seats were more spacious than expected, and this new Triumph went at over 110 mph, and was as smooth and flexible as a vee-eight should be. Price was £2,000, give or take a few pounds, depending on whether you wanted the soft-top or the detachable hard-top version. The future looked bright, and there were even those who cried, 'Lotus, Alfa Romeo and Mercedes-Benz, look out . . .'

So I waited with keen anticipation for a road-test Stag. Promised for one afternoon, it was night before it arrived, because the steering-lock had been found faulty, cutting out the ignition. Setting off at last, the screen wipers were useless, a hankerchief having to deputise (and you know how much domestic trouble *that* can cause). But the real complaints were a notchy gear-shift and rather horrid power-steering. The tail wag of this pre-production Stag was also noted, and it was rather heavy at 26 cwt unladen. Time taken to devour a quarter mile from a stand-still was just under 18 seconds, not exactly exciting for a 1970 3-litre sports-car.

However, 0-60 mph came up in 10.7 seconds (the makers were claiming 9.5 seconds), and petrol disappeared at the rate of 21.4 mpg which with the 14-gallon fuel tank gave quite a useful drive before having the chore of refuelling. The Michelotti-styled bodywork added a nice Italian flair to the Stag, but although it had an 8.8 to 1 compression ratio, this brave new Triumph V8 needed, in my opinion, a better gearbox, and better steering. What's more, like Eartha Kitt's Englishman, it took too long to get going.

Later I had other Stags to try, and in 1973 rather enjoyed a Pimento-red Mark II hard-top. It was on those excellent Avon tyres, and came with a leather-bound hand-book that even quoted the settings for nut-tightening with a torque-wrench. But the power had gone up by only one hp, at 5,700 rpm, although it was possible to run the vee-eight engine up to a rather unnecessary 6,500 rpm. At first I thought the upholstery was leather, like the covers of the hand-book, but it was actually chestnut vinyl. Not much had changed, since 1970, although the steering-wheel was smaller, there was a rest for one's clutch foot, and the option of tinted glass. But the price of this hard-top, a very nicely appointed car admittedly, had increased to £2,720, and however much I used the overdrive, fuel-thirst was 20.5 miles per four star gallon. By this time Jaguar, Daimler with their plastic-bodied 250SP sports model, Rover and others were using vee-eight power-packs, so some of the novelty had gone. Yet I was very fond of this silken-smooth Stag, and, had it been more dependable, it could have been one of the world's great motor-cars.

I don't think that Lord Stokes, then head of the British Leyland Empire, much liked sports-cars, and by 1977 the Stag was quietly dropped, along with the rather nice six-cylinder Triumph saloons. The four-cylinder Rover 2000 had won the toss, in Leyland thinking. But the Stag had impressed a sufficient number of people for attempts to be made by the 'soup-shops' to revitalise it, even to shoe-horning other makes of vee-eight engine into it. And I know there are those who still love their Triumph Stags, and who persevere with them. If it is any consolation, the V8 MG of 1968-69, the first car owned by HRH the Prince of Wales, was not very successful either, but is now something of a cult car. One remembers also that in 1964, six years before the Triumph Stag emerged, another sports-car with the same cylinder arrangement, had been born. It was the Sunbeam Tiger, a Sunbeam Alpine with a 4.3-litre Ford V8 engine. This was, in my view, a quite delectable way of motoring, with that easy 164 bhp. Even so, the life-span of the Tiger was a mere three years or so. On that score, the Stag did better.

'I want to charge this one with being drunk and quite capable.'

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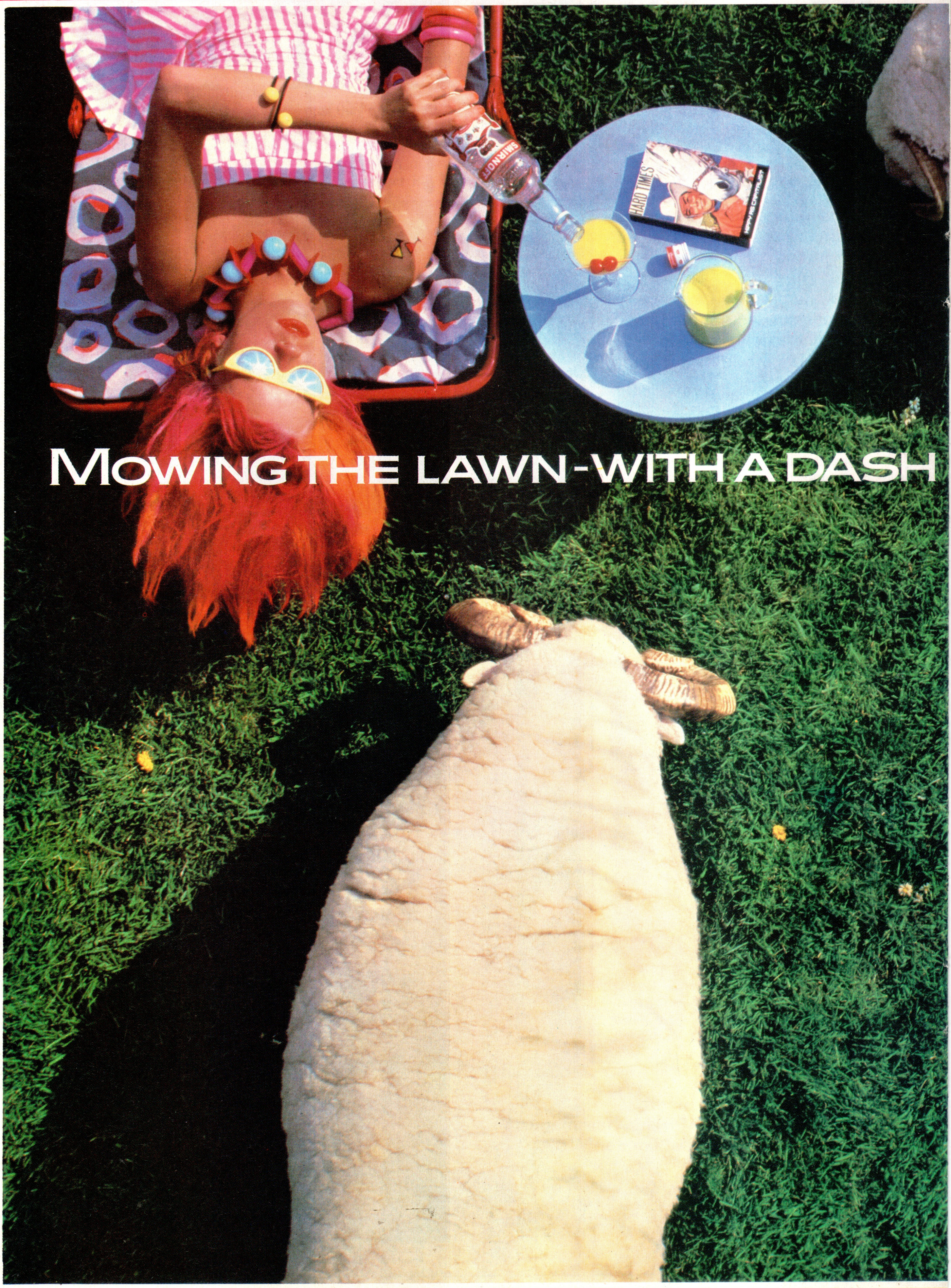
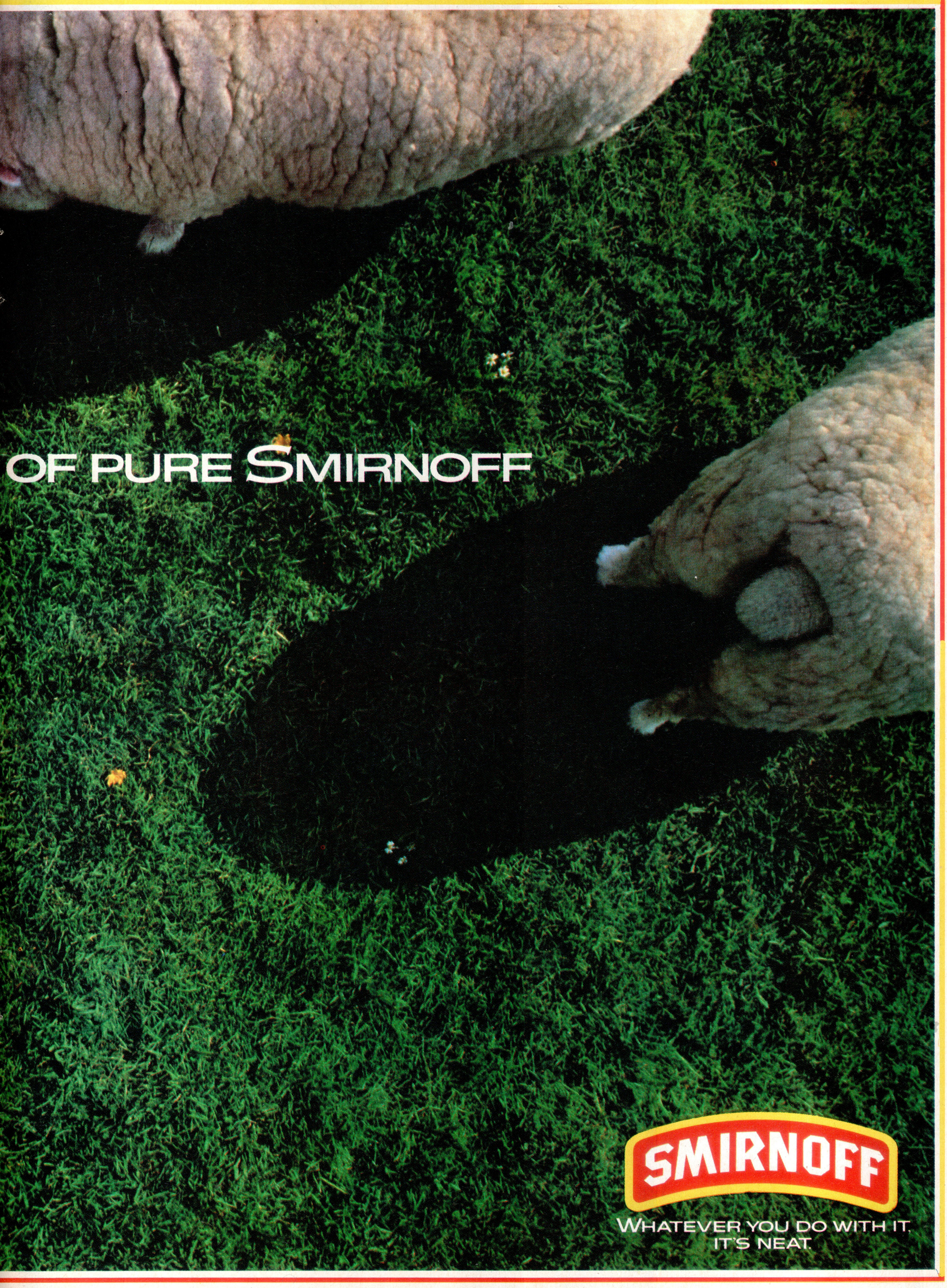
MOWING THE LAWN - WITH A DASH




OF PURE SMIRNOFF
SMIRNOFF
WHATEVER YOU DO WITH IT.
IT'S NEAT.

Lee Ann

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
DONALD MILNE

The bustling city of Toronto with its ultra-modern skyscrapers towering overhead is the home town of 22-year-old Lee Ann. She was born and brought up there, and currently lives in the city working as a model and dancer. In fact, *Mayfair* was very lucky to capture these pictures of Lee's 34-23-34 figure at all. She posed for them on a brief visit to this country, and is now back in Canada, delighting men there with her work. We're told that sadly she has no immediate plans to return, although she enjoyed her stay a great deal. She claimed that she was particularly keen on British men. 'They're so suave, smart and polite,' she said, adding that she was also very fond of the British sense of humour. 'I like a man who can make me laugh,'.

But even the most amusing, sophisticated man Britain could find would not keep Lee from her grass roots. Lee has been modelling in Canada since she was 14, originally part-time for newspapers. She took time off to study commercial art in Scarboro, 20 miles north east of Toronto, specialising in layout and design. 'When I've finished modelling, I'd like to try for a career in that field,' she told us. 'But right now I have too many other ambitions, I'd like to branch out into fashion work, for instance.'

If Lee ever requires advice on her modelling career, then help is close at hand. Her mother was also a professional model when she was younger and living in New York, so knows all the tricks of the trade. So far though, Lee's career has been trouble-free which leaves little room for hobbies. But when she does find time to relax, she likes to ride her horse, Calypso, in the nearby countryside. Her brain needs exercise too, she reckons, and Lee gives that a work-out with regular chess matches. 'I find the game fascinating,' she told us, adding with false modesty that she is 'quite good.' We've heard that she's actually red-hot at it – so don't challenge her unless you have a few gambits up your sleeve. Of course, you'd have to make it part of a Canadian visit unless . . . 'Yes, I would *like* to come back to Britain . . .'

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN FORBES

Most junior schools have one boy who is outstandingly preoccupied with sex. He it is who first tells us, misleadingly, how babies are made. Ours was Harrap, and he unblushingly pursued Miss Crane the undermatron

The day that randy Harrap forgot the Headmaster's homily

Prep-School Nostalgia by Peter McAllister

'And the moral of the story is,' the Headmaster barked genially, 'if you can't be good, be careful.'

It was the penultimate day of our last term at our Sussex prep school, and he was giving us his famous Leavers' Talk upon Matters Not Enitrely Unconnected with Sex.

He began his supposed revelations informally enough.

'There's no great mystery about it, you know, boys,' he said, addressing his preliminary circumlocutions to a portion of oak panelling on the far side of the study. We waited patiently to hear what we already knew, while the Headmaster rambled on, fiddling about with his pipe, revving up, as it were, for the important bit.

'Basically,' he added eventually, 'it stiffens up, and it goes in.'

Harrap laughed. He tried to do this surreptitiously, but it coincided with a sneeze (a result of his chronic hay fever, no doubt) so that the final product was a fairly ludicrous noise. The Headmaster looked up sharply from his pipe.

'Was that you, Harrap, making that ridiculous noise?'

'Sorry, sir.'

'Was it a laugh or a sneeze?'

'Sort of both, sir.' There was a pregnant silence while the Headmaster frowned.

'I suppose it is quite funny,' he said. 'You're all rather young, boys, but I thought I ought to tell you something of these arcane mysteries before you left.'

Quite soon after that he finished his talk with a few vague warning noises about public school homosexuality, and then dismissed us with a perfunctory 'Off you go then, boys.'

Of course, Harrap had had good reason to laugh. He had always known far more about sex than any of us. In fact, it was chiefly from him that the rest of us had learnt about it.

It had been Harrap, for example, who at the tender age of eight, had first proudly announced to us that babies came out of their mothers' bottoms. The following term, he had been in a position to elaborate upon this: the father, it seemed, had first to stick his willy up the mother's bottom, a deed which we immediately dismissed as not only impossible physically, but silly (in this respect, not differing much from most other adult behaviour).

Then, a year or so later, and after several confused readings of the Ladybird book *How It Works— The Human Body*, Harrap authoritatively assured us that, yes indeed, the man did pee up the lady's slot (Actually it had said 'fluid', but what else could that mean? Obviously it was pee). We still thought it all sounded rather silly, but by that stage we had had enough experience of nocturnal stiffenings to understand some of the mechanical aspects of the business.

Still Harrap steamed ahead. Physically precocious anyway (he had pubes long before any of the rest of us), Harrap had had his knowledge of sexual matters greatly enriched by the reported experience of his three elder brothers. He had heard and believed all their tall stories, he had access to all their 'scientific literature,' and had spent many puzzled hours poring over such learned texts as *The Naked Ape* and *The Comfort of Sex*. The benefit of all this secret and forbidden knowledge, Harrap was able to pass on to us, after lights-out in the dormitory.

In the course of these lectures, which would often be accompanied by torchlit demonstrations performed with the willing assistance of one or more of the school pillows, Harrap outlined to us the nitty-gritty of this problematic subject.

So when, years later, the Headmaster finally felt able to inform us that 'it stiffens up, and it goes in,' we all knew perfectly well that the correct order of ceremonies was as follows.

Man: 'Darling!'

Lady: 'Yes, darling?'

(Harrap clutches the pillow to his chest.)

Man: 'Darling, I love you.'

(A groan emerges from the depths of Harrap's belly. Now the chivalrous offer is made . . .)

Man: 'Darling, shall we have a baby?'

Alternatively, he could say, 'Baby, let's fuck!' The Lady shall then politely squeal, 'Ooh, yes!' or make some other appropriate response.

On completion of these preliminaries, the pillow would be placed on the edge of the bed while Harrap, parting his pyjama trousers, prepared to 'stick it up her.' Then, with a creak of the bedsprings, he would be

onto her, thrashing away in a simulated ecstasy of concupiscence, while feathers fluttered from the mangled pillow, and the encircling audience cheered their torchlit encouragement.
The service might then be concluded with a rendering of the Dormitory Anthem:

Down in the valley where the green grass grows
There lived a cowgirl without any clothes.
Along came a cowboy, clippety-clop:
Down with his trousers, and out with his jock.
Three months later, all's going well.
Six month later, tum begins to swell.
Nine months later, whizz bang pop!
Out comes a baby with a paralyzed jock!
But don't go yet, for that's not all:
The stupid little fucker's only got one ball!

Harrap's was not the last laugh, however. Unfortunately for him, physical precocity and sexual awareness were not, in his case, accompanied by any sort of intellectual accomplishment. To put it bluntly, Harrap was thick. So while the rest of us, armed with all the Headmaster's useful advice, had already left prep school, Harrap, whose voice had already broken, now had to stay behind for another year, in the vain hope that he might eventually attain his Common Entrance.
He never made it. His education was interrupted, for a not entirely unpredictable reason, two weeks before he was due to sit the exams. It was all hushed up at the time, and elaborate excuses were provided for the sudden and simultaneous departure (ie expulsion) of both Harrap and the junior undermatron, Miss Crane, with whom he had been caught in a somewhat *compromising* situation. I myself only heard about it many years later, versions of the story differing according to the narrator and his or her position in the school at the time. Some attributed most of the blame to Harrap's urchin audacity; others, to the plain desperation of Miss Crane.
The fact was, the junior undermatron was not very attractive. She was not as ugly as Matron herself, of course, but then a 50-year-old battleaxe could never feature as a sex symbol in even the most imaginative schoolboy's mind – something Harrap certainly did not possess – whereas Miss Crane, at the latter end of her adolescence, could. Just. The senior undermatron was Miss Paddon, and she really was beautiful.
Actually, I don't suppose many of us would give her a second glance today, but in those days she was Venus, Helen of Troy and Marilyn Monroe all rolled into one.
Poor Miss Crane, by comparison, was less than wholly prepossessing. Instead of Miss Paddon's blonde tumbledown hair, she had listless brown rats' tails, unimaginatively swept behind a blue velvet hairband. She lacked Miss Paddon's shapely legs and, necessarily, her deportment was a great deal less graceful. She didn't have those sensuous, cherry-lips with which Miss Paddon used to frame the biting witticisms for which she was so justly famous. Also, the fact that Miss Crane had been blessed with a small moustache, as well as an ample dose of acne, had not gone unnoticed by those boys who were interested enough to be critical.
For all that, though, she was a woman – she had all the usual equipment – and, Heaven knows, there were few enough of them about: five, say, among something like a hundred randy young males. And of course, Harrap, though stupid, was not without a certain animal cunning. With the unerring instinct of a hardened womanizer, he selected second best, and went for it with guns blazing. For example, every evening after washing in the communal bathroom, we had to line up, and be inspected by one of the matrons, a procedure involving each boy placing first one foot and then the other onto the duty matron's towel-covered lap. Harrap would ensure that whenever Miss Crane was on duty his pyjama trousers would accidentally-on-purpose be parted, revealing to her his precociously pube-covered genitals. Then again, it was always on the days when Miss Crane was doing dispensary duty that Harrap seemed to suffer his worst attacks of growing pains, the relief of which usually involved extensive massaging of one or more of the erogenous zones. And on St Valentine's day, though it was Miss Paddon who, as usual, received the lion's share of the boys' home-made tokens of prepubescent adoration, I discovered later that Harrap made sure Miss Crane got his message by sending her a card of unmitigated obscenity. By these and other means, he stalked his prey; and, in short, if he had worked as hard at his Common Entrance as he did upon the defences of Miss Crane's virtue, then I dare say he might even have scraped a pass.
However – and herein lay his downfall – Harrap was not the only one for whom Miss Crane was an eyeful of apple. His rival, we all knew, was Mr Squires, the English master. Middle-aged, rotund and balding, an incurable romantic, this gentleman saw himself as a latter day Sir Lancelot, and Miss Crane as his Guinevere. As every schoolboy was aware, her wish was his command. He would risk anything to perform any knightly errand she should require of him. I realise now, of course, that his thoughts were at all times utterly chaste, and that if in his dreams he had ever wondered what Miss Crane looked like without her clothes on, what, worse still, she felt like to touch, or even . . . then such unseemly thoughts were probably banished immediately from his mind.
In the contest for Miss Crane's heart, Mr Squires did not stand a chance, of course; but that did not stop him trying. And since his efforts were tentative at the best of times, it could not be said that he had ever actually been repulsed. He probably never ever noticed our sniggers.
I met Harrap last year, purely by chance in a Soho pub, and after the usual 'catch-up' conversation I was able, with the help of three double scotches, to hear from his own wet and fleshy lips what had actually happened.
The Incident in Question occurred, so Harrap said, on one of those wonderfully clear sunny days when anybody daring enough to climb the cedar tree in the school grounds could see the Isle of Wight from its uppermost branches. It was a half holiday, and most members of the school were out and about, enjoying the rare good weather, climbing trees, riding bicycles, or playing the more organized games of cricket or tennis.
Mr Saxton, the handsome, slightly rakish history master, had taken Miss Paddon out for a drive in his Morris Minor. A vehicle, remarked Harrap sardonically, whose alternative chick would not, I fear, have been recognised in those days.
Mr Squires, meanwhile, presumably feeling both lonely and amorous, and probably finding himself conveniently 'at a loose end', seems to have resolved to seek our Miss

'But you don't know anything about me.'

turn to page 82

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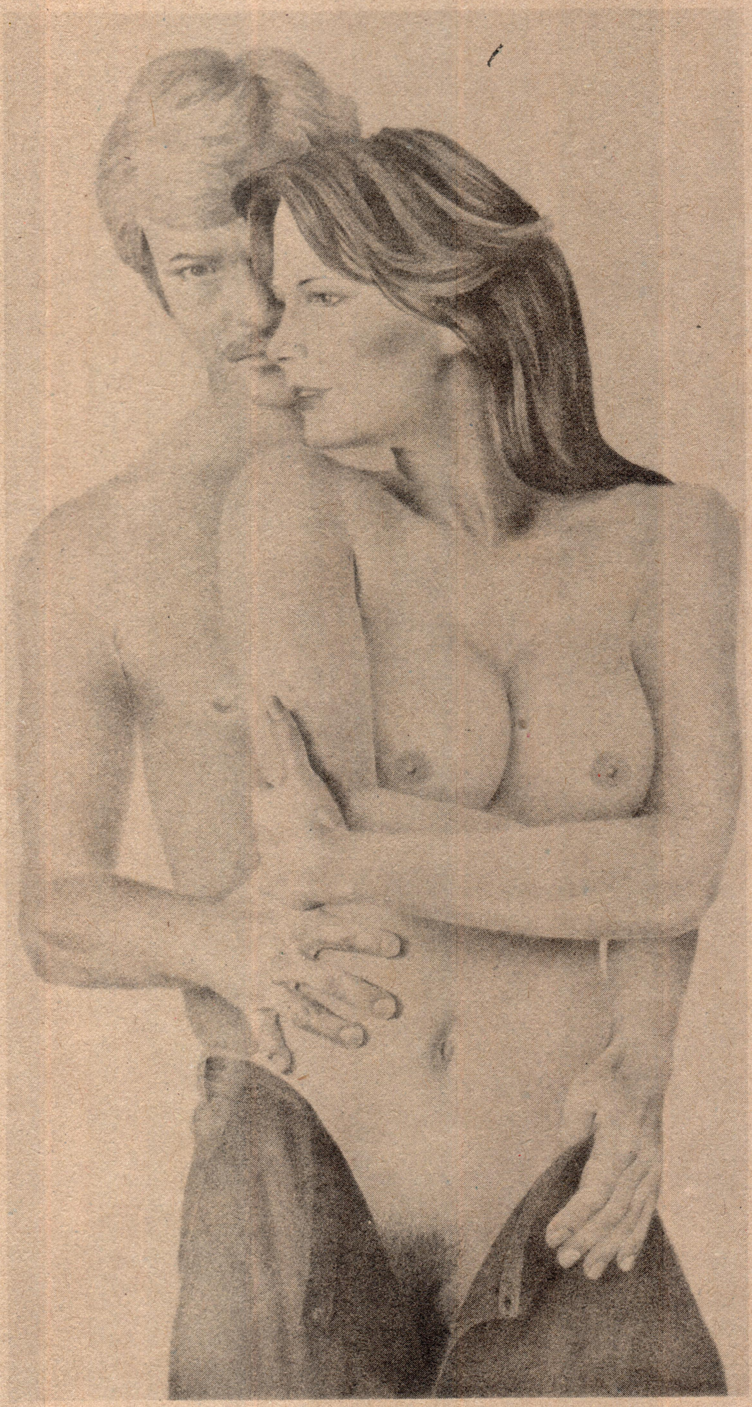
The Headmaster's homily
continued from page 80
Crane. We now know it was to ask her to accompany him on a short walk before tea. That would have been his style. Whatever his motives, he certainly ascended the narrow wooden staircase, and strode along the corridor to his *sweete mystresse's* room. Upon reaching her door, he knocked.
A scuffling noise ensured. Mr Squires paused, then knocked again.
'Hello?' he enquired.
'Hang on . . . Who is it?'
'It's me . . . er, I mean, Mr Squires. That is to say, Gerald.' More scufling, then almost certainly he heard whispering.
'Okay – come in now.'
He opened the door tentatively.
'Sorry to have kept you waiting. I was having a lie down, and I wasn't quite decent.'
I see the scene so clearly, etched in the late afternoon light.
She was standing by the window, through which the sun was shining upon her messed-up hair, making it glow incandescently. Mr Squires, undoubtedly overcome by this vision of his true love, found it hard to speak.
'Well?' she demanded.
'I w-w-wondered if you . . . perhaps . . . a short w-walk, before tea . . .' he began to stammer. Then he must have noticed that she was wearing nothing but a dressing gown.
'Oh – I'm so-so sorry . . . didn't realise . . .' he blurted, looking down at the floor in shame and confusion, followed shortly by puzzlement. For what he saw there was a boy's games sock, half protruding from beneath the bed.
'Oh yes . . . Just mending that for one of the boys. Wondered where I'd left it,' she said. Then as she bent to retrieve the sock from Mr Squires' sweaty paw, the front of the dressing gown parted slightly, so that he was vouchsafed a glimpse of that modest cleavage the mere thought of which had for so long disrupted the innocence of his dreams . . . Probably it wasn't until then that it registered what it was about the dressing gown that had seemed odd: it was a boy's one. Even he could not fail to recognise the nondescript grey material, with its blue and red piping round the edges.
What happened next must have been more or less pure farce. We can reconstruct the scene exactly.
Stage Right: Mr Squires has a terrible thought, no doubt inspired by some of those great works of Eng Lit with which he is so familiar.
Stage Centre: Harrap, who is concealed behind the doors of Miss Crane's wardrobe, and whom we know to be a victim of hay fever, sneezes loudly.
Stage Left: Miss Crane looks utterly undone as Mr Squires strides across the room, and opens the wardrobe doors.
Dénouement: Harrap, naked and shivering, stands between garments of cotton and silk, staring wide-eyed into the unpromising future.
Harrap finished the scotch I had bought him, leered at me, and, in a fair imitation of the headmaster's voice, intoned: 'The moral of the story, boys, is . . .?'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

Most of us think more of a prospective sexual partner if he – or she – is a high achiever. But often a good lie can be just as seductive. Quest talks to three victims of the 'bogus achiever'

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

NURSE, 26 years old, brunette, town of origin Wolverhampton.

This interviewee moved to the London area after qualifying, and has since specialised in child nursing. She shares a rented flat with her fiance.

Quest: Do you find it easy to trust the opposite sex?

Nurse: Every girl learns to be a little distrustful once she realises she's got something men want! But I do tend to trust people I'm involved with romantically, yes. I really don't know why! It's a sign of closeness, I suppose. After all men are supposed to be the authority figures, the experts, aren't they? Daddy was always the person you relied on to put things right. That does sound wet, doesn't it? I'm actually quite a women's libber. I'm really only talking about emotional relationships.

Quest: Do you think men use that authority image for sexual advantage?

Nurse: Oh yes. I've been caught out. Several times!

Quest: Tell me about it.

Nurse: The absolute worst was a man I knew at teaching hospital – he was a medical student – called Graham. I still don't know quite what to make of him. He had enormous cheek, and he was the most outrageous liar I've ever met. His lies were just so extraordinary you were almost forced to believe them.

Quest: Can you give an example?

Nurse: The best is when I first met him. He asked me to dance at a disco at his college of residence, and he was reasonable-looking, and seemed very pleasant, so I let him buy me a drink. Then I offered to buy the next round but he said he'd had his limit. I thought he meant he was driving. 'Oh no,' he said, 'it's because of my libido. I have to keep a tight rein on it. Alcohol loosens too many inhibitions.' First I assumed I'd misheard, then that he was joking. But he kept it up. 'It's some kind of hormonal imbalance,' he said. 'It's related to priapism. I have to have sex, or at least ejaculate, two or three times a day.'

Quest: Did you believe him?

Nurse: No, not then. I thought it was a pretty obvious variation on the old if-you-

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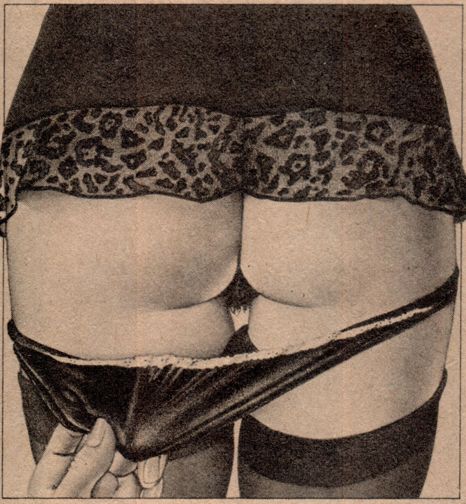

don't-let-me-do-it-to-you-I'll-get-ill type of story, which by then I'd heard too many times. Then he said, 'Oh don't look so worried! I've got a friend doing a PhD project on related problems – we're helping each other out. I'm supposed to save all my naughties for the research.'

Quest: Go on.

Nurse: The essence of the story was that this friend of his was doing research into female frigidity, and it involved actually treating sufferers – with Graham carrying out the practical side.

Quest: Was he having sex with these women?

> 'He claimed to have great self control so I challenged him to get an erection just by the power of thought'

Nurse: That's what *he* was saying, yes. 'Oh it's not always full intercourse,' he told me. 'Most of the time it's more concerned with breaking down inhibitions.' I thought he was trying to embarrass me, which wasn't easy after two years' nursing! I said I didn't believe any woman would do that with a total stranger, and certainly not in a laboratory. But he insisted it wasn't like that. It was just one part of a carefully-controlled programme, and any intimacy would take place in familiar surroundings where the subject felt at ease – normally their own home. In fact he was supposed to be seeing a client at her flat that night. I told him he'd better not keep her waiting then.

Quest: So his story didn't impress you?

Nurse: I was more puzzled than annoyed. He didn't seem to make any special effort to get off with me so I couldn't see the point of it all.

Quest: But you agreed to see him again?

Nurse: That was odd too. He never seemed to arrange conventional dates. I know my shifts made it hard, but he was always popping by the flat, and whipping me off to the pub around lunchtime. Or nipping in for a quick coffee at odd times.

Quest: Did he make any advances?

Nurse: Not really, but he always seemed to have just come from some kind of bizarre sexual episode. One day he said he was really nervous because his researcher friend wanted to test out some new monitoring equipment by getting Graham and another volunteer to make love actually in front of him in the laboratory. A day or so later I saw Graham for lunch and asked him about it. He said it had been embarrassing for both of them but it had gone very well. The only problem was the researcher had insisted the girl had a proper climax which apparently she hadn't had before. When I asked who the female volunteer was he pointed out this really gorgeous girl – another medical student – on the other side of the cafeteria.

Quest: You believed him then?

Nurse: I was in two minds. He was very good on details. It *was* a university hospital, and all sorts of odd research went on. I even looked up his researcher friend, and he did exist. I decided Graham was outrageous but quite entertaining because he didn't leap on me.

Quest: Did you want him to?

Nurse: I had a regular boyfriend, who I was sleeping with, which may have put him off. It sounds dreadful but the sex had just happened, and we sort of got into the habit of doing it together – not that we did it that often. It was never wildly erotic, just alright.

Quest: Did you tell Graham what you felt?

Nurse: Yes, I did. He didn't really encourage inhibitions! He did offer to find a place for me in his busy schedule!

Quest: Did you take up the offer?

Nurse: No! At least not in that kind of way. I told him I'd never hurt my boyfriend by sleeping with anyone else. But I suppose he took the hint because things happened quite soon after.

Quest: What happened?

Nurse: He turned up at the flat for his first visit in the evening – I never had advance warning. Even then it was about ten, and we only had time to run to the nearest pub. We brought back a bottle of wine. Both my flatmates were on nights that week – I'd love to know if Graham checked that in advance – and we had the place to ourselves. We got very merry, because we had this mad conversation.

Quest: Which was?

Nurse: I started it really. I said that if Graham had such a fantastic libido, and obviously incredible self control as well, he should be able to prove it.

Quest: You asked him to make love to you?

Nurse: No! I asked him – which shows you how drunk I was – to prove that he could.

Quest: You'll have to be more specific.

Nurse: I asked him to get an erection! But he wasn't allowed to do anything to me – or himself. It had to be just by willpower – letting his libido loose!

Quest: How did he react?

Nurse: I think it was the first time I'd actually shocked *him*. We were both giggling a bit, but he looked quite worried too. So I insisted we were both quiet, and he started concentrating.

Quest: Where were you both?

Nurse: He was sitting on the sofa. I was on the carpet below him – looking up!

Quest: Did he succeed?

Nurse: With some help! No, I teased him a bit by undoing a couple of buttons on my blouse, and flashing my eyes – I couldn't resist it. He gave me a sort of half hearted giggle – he was going quite red in the face. Then all of a sudden he said, 'Good God – ' and looked at his lap. So did I, and I just shrieked.

Quest: He was erect?

Nurse: He had a very obvious lump down one thigh – which twitched! 'That's never happened before,' he said. He looked so surprised. I couldn't stop giggling. 'You're not supposed to be embarrassed by things like that,' I said. 'You're the one who has his thingy stroked by strange women every other day. Here, I'd better cool you down.' And I picked up my wine glass, and went to pour it into his lap. Actually there was only a couple of drops in it, but he panicked, and went to grab my hand, and twist away at the same time. Next thing I knew he'd yanked me forward, and fallen off the sofa, and we were both rolling across the carpet, laughing. Then we realised Graham was practically on top of me, and our faces were right next to each other – and we stopped laughing.

Quest: You had sex?

Nurse: We kissed fairly gently, and then more passionately. But even then he didn't try and grope me, which I thought was nice. When we finished he looked down at his lap again and grinned. 'It's a pity to waste it on a patient,' he said. So I said, 'I'll tell you one thing, after all you've been saying this had better be pretty fantastic!'

> 'I relaxed, and opened my legs. He stroked me gently, and began teasing me until I was panting in ecstasy'

Quest: Was it?

Nurse: Not bad. No, he was lovely, actually. We turned down the lights, and got undressed where we were – he did have a nice body, actually. Then we cuddled up together in front of the gas fire, and he started stroking and kissing my breasts, which was a good start. I just wanted to touch this marvellously busy cock of his. But he made me relax and open my legs, and he went down on me with his tongue. I felt so open and wet and sensitive I thought he was going to make me come there and then. I was quite ready for him when he got on top of me, but he didn't come inside. He started stroking my pussy and my clit very gently, and at the same time he teased the lips of my fanny with the tip of his cock, until finally it was resting just inside, hardly past the outer lips. It felt incredible! In a couple of minutes I was panting away like a demented steam engine. And just as I went over the edge, as I was actually coming, he slipped right inside, and began to hump me. I really thought I'd die. It just doubled up every feeling until my head felt it was exploding. I can't describe it. It was one of the most glorious climaxes I've ever had.

Quest: Did the relationship continue?

Nurse: Not for long. I think if Graham had

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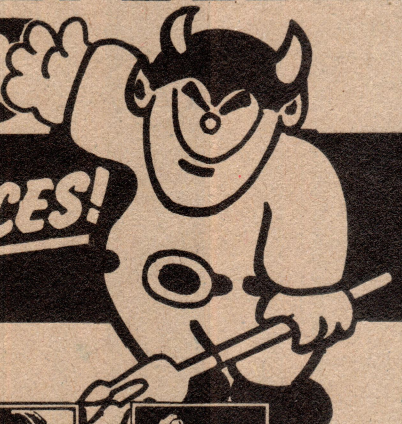

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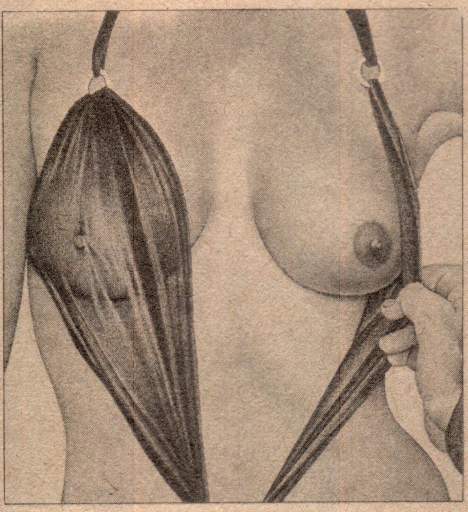

been serious I could have fallen quite heavily for him, but he still went turning up unannounced, or very late. I ended up resenting that, and the fact that I'm sure he was sleeping with other girls.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

ACCOUNTANT, 40 years old, town of origin Berkhampstead

This — male — interviewee studied history at university before taking up accountancy. He works for a large City firm, and is married with two small children.

Quest: Do you tell women lies in order to have sex with them?

Accountant: Yes, of course, all the time. Isn't that how it's done?

Quest: When was the last time you did it?

Accountant: I *was* joking – being a randy Lothario doesn't go down too well in my profession. All my lying to impress women was long before I became respectable.

Quest: When exactly?

Accountant: I think the most successful was when I was at university. Some friends and I went touring in Sweden, and on the ship on the way back we got talking to these three English girls. To be honest I don't think they were especially bright because we managed to convince them we were a support group to some major band which had just finished a Swedish tour. It might even have been the Beatles – I can't remember. It started as a joke but it just got out of hand. We were all bullshitting mercilessly. Then one of the girls asked me to get something autographed by the Fabulous Four, so we went down to her cabin to get it. All I remember distinctly is her suggesting I squeeze up beside her in her bunk for comfort. I started sliding my hand under her sweater – meeting no resistance, as long as I went on answering questions about my pals John and Paul etc. And, basically, I had her away. But I'd have to get very very drunk to try that trick again. Nowadays the boot tends to be on the other foot.

Quest: How do you mean?

Accountant: I don't know if it's a sign of middle age, or too much family life, or both, but the last time I experienced seduction by means of inside knowledge – spurious or otherwise – I was the victim.

Quest: You mean a woman deceived you?

Accountant: She certainly misled me, yes.

Quest: Go on.

Accountant: Two or three years ago we went on a family holiday in England, which is fairly unusual for us. It was mainly because the boys were into pony treking and canoeing, that kind of thing. It was based around a hotel on the fringes of Exmoor. We found ourselves sharing a table with two women from Scotland – well, a girl in her early twenties, and a woman in her late thirties. We assumed they were mother and daughter, but they turned out to be sisters. They were very chatty, very friendly, but I got a distinct feeling of interest, I suppose is the word, from the girl. Marjorie, I think her name was.

Quest: You think she fancied you?

Accountant: She was the kind of girl who is always aware of men, and during our second week, when they arrived, I was the only male over 12 and under 50. I did wonder what she was doing there.

Quest: Were you attracted to her?

Accountant: She *was* generally attractive – she was blonde, quite full-figured, full in the face but it was quite an attractive face. I think 'bouncy' is the word I'm looking for – she looked as if she'd enjoy a good rough and tumble. To be honest I thought she was a bit of typical spare. But I revised that opinion, which didn't surprise me – I'm usually wrong about women.

Quest: Why did you change your opinion?

Accountant: My family, who all ride, persuaded me to get on a horse for the first time in my life, and I fell off, fairly predictably. But I also aggravated an old back problem. There's a man in London I normally see when that happens but obviously I couldn't then so we were talking about it at breakfast, and the Scots ladies piped up. They turned out to be physiotherapists, and they offered to do what they could. My family were very enthusiastic so I agreed to let the girls have a go. They were doing something that morning but we arranged to meet in the hotel bar at lunchtime. So at one I left my wife and the boys treking across Exmoor, and drove back. And there was Marjorie, on her own – her sister had got caught up somewhere, apparently.

> 'She seemed to know what she was doing, so I took off my pants, and lay on the bed. Then I felt her fingers'

Quest: What did you feel about that?

Accountant: I'd been thinking vaguely in terms of chaperones, seeing them both together – I'm sure that's what my wife had had in mind. Not that I had any objection to having a lunchtime drink with an attractive young woman. I got the feeling the hotel staff were looking at me a little askance, especially when we eventually disappeared upstairs. I'd no idea – then – how right they were!

Quest: Where did you go?

Accountant: Marjorie's room. It was small, twin-bedded with a shower and loo attached. She said she didn't have her usual gear but she'd put together some powders and oils from the local chemist – it hadn't occurred to me she'd need anything, so I was very grateful. She gave me a towel, and told me to get changed in the shower room. She could be quite a bossy little thing, actually, but she seemed to know what she was doing. When I came back into the bedroom she'd stripped back one of the beds, and she told me to lie on it on my front.

Quest: Presumably you were only wearing your towel by now?

Accountant: With my pants on underneath – very cowardly. As I bent down she spotted them, gave me a smack, and said, 'Oh no you don't! No false modesty around here. I've got to be able to get at your pelvic muscles.' So, rather shame-facedly, I slipped them off under my towel. Then we began. And she seemed very good. Gentle but quite firm, starting at my neck, down my back, up and down each leg. It felt marvellous – I was very impressed. Then she pulled off the towel and began kneading each buttock.

Quest: How did you react to that?

Accountant: I thought she was teasing by taking away the towel – I was prepared to give her the benefit of the doubt. But then, when I thought she'd done, she very slowly and lightly drew a finger up the crack of my bum. I nearly jack-knifed off the bed. She burst out laughing. 'Oh I'm sorry,' she said. 'That's just a test of reflexes. It tones up the spine.' That wasn't all it toned up.

Quest: What do you mean?

Accountant: Joke or not, it was a bloody sexy thing to do, and it didn't help at all when she patted my leg and told me to turn over onto my back. I really wasn't too sure about that. 'Look, love,' she said, 'I'm the expert. You do as you're told.' Well, I've never thought my parts splendid enough to deserve public display so I reached for the towel as I turned over. Marjorie smacked my hand away. 'Don't be such a namby-pamby,' she said. 'I see dozens of those things every week. You're not going to embarrass me.' It wasn't actually her who was going to be embarrassed.

Quest: So you didn't protest?

Accountant: No, because I'd have felt impossibly pompous covering myself – she *was* doing me a favour. And, if I'm honest, I was curious. So I just lay right back as she started on my legs, and looked straight at the ceiling. Not that it did much good.

Quest: Why?

Accountant: That bum tickle had started it. I could feel my balls reacting, and the more I tried to will the feeling away the worse it got. Marjorie was massaging my chest and abdomen when she suddenly gave this stifled giggle. Then I did look, and this *thing* was sticking up between my legs like an over-stuffed sausage. I went scarlet. I just gabbled. 'Look, I'm really sorry . . . inexcusable . . . Christ, you must think – '

Quest: How did she react?

Accountant: She just grinned, completely untroubled. 'Don't worry yourself,' she said. 'It happens all the time in my work. I'm not offended. Here, if you're uncomfortable, I'll get rid of it for you.' And that was when she did it.

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Robert Chartham PhD, the world-renowned sexologist tested the Blakoe Ring on a number of particularly difficult cases of impotence. In his report he states: "In my view the energising properties are remarkable – and I would have no hesitation in recommending the Blakoe Ring to young and middle-aged men. For elderly men it is a boon".

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Wife Knows . . . The Blakoe Energiser is a marvellous piece of equipment. It just does what is stated of it. I have had erection after erection and have made love much better. Incidentally my wife knows all about it . . . when it came through the post I showed it to her and explained everything. *Mr. E.J., Lancs.*

Performance improved says wife . . . The effects of the Ring are very pleasing and beneficial and my wife tells me that my performance has improved considerably . . . *Mr. J.T., Hants.*

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Questions about the Blakoe Ring answered by Blakoe Consultants

1. Is the Blakoe Energising Ring Safe?
A. Yes, the Energising Ring has been worn by thousands of men for a long period of time and no safety problems have arisen.
2. Is the Energising Ring guaranteed?
A. Yes, the product is so universally successful that we make full refunds to any dissatisfied customer provided the appliance is returned in good condition.
3. What happens if I do not get the measurement correct and receive an incorrectly fitting Ring?
A. You return the Ring to us with a note about it's being the wrong size and by how much. We then exchange it for another Ring.
4. Can the Ring be worn for intercourse?
A. Yes, the Ring will help maintain an erection and will also act as a clitoral stimulator to the female.
5. Should I wear the Ring at all times?
A. Yes, initially the Ring should be worn at all times day and night until you are satisfied that you have reached your individual peak performance. Thereafter the Ring need only be worn as long and as often as you feel to be necessary to maintain your desired performance.
6. Does the Ring require batteries?
A. No, the electrical effect is self-induced by the action of body sweat on the combination of galvanic plates.
7. Does the Ring produce a permanent erection?
A. No, it stimulates the whole genital area so that when an erection is required, it will be produced and maintained as desired.

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Less than 1% of Blakoe Rings have ever been returned, a sure indication of effectiveness! All Energising Rings carry our money back guarantee as well as the 100% Blakoe confidentiality guarantee that we will not pass your name on to other firms or clinics.

The Blakoe Energising Ring comes in a range of sizes (21 for standard, or 2 for the adjustable model). Please make sure of receiving the correct size by measuring yourself as follows – take a piece of string and pass it behind the testicles underneath the neck of the testicle bag and draw the two ends of the string together above the penis and close to the abdominal wall so that the string encircles both penis and the neck of the testicle bag. Pull the string comfortably tight, mark the length and carefully measure. If there is uncertainty about the measurements, send the lowest obtained. In the event of an incorrect fitting ring being supplied, we will always make an exchange. No man can ever finish with an incorrectly fitting ring. If you are ordering the adjustable model, most men take the normal size, but those better endowed will probably require the medium to large size.

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Quest: Did what?
Accountant: Just reached back, brushed her fingers up the underside of my shaft, closed them round it just under the knob, and began very gently to slide my foreskin up and down. It was like being dowsed in cold water. She did it *so* casually, but at the same time I could see in her face that she knew exactly what she was up to. 'Just a little service we don't advertise in the NHS,' she said. And I still just gaped at her. Then I said, 'How often do you do this?' And that obviously persuaded her I wasn't going to go bananas or ravish her or whatever. She grinned again, and said, 'All the time. Aren't you enjoying it? I'm not being too rough, am

> ‘We began soaping each other, and I was soon excited. Marjorie admitted she knew she was going to have me’

I?' I told her it was fine, and laughed. I couldn't get over the fact that I was still lying there, naked, being wanked by an attractive young woman. 'This is really disgust—' I began. And then my cock jumped, and I saw a little spark in her eyes which proved to me she was as turned on as I was, or pretty close. 'Have you got a tissue,' she said, twisting round. 'Don't worry. I'll get rid of it for you.' And very quickly she knelt, bent over my erection, wet her lips, and slipped them over my tip. I'd actually only twitched – I hadn't been about to come at all, but after half a minute of that I was. She kept just the knob in her mouth, licking the gland with the tip of her tongue while wanking my foreskin very delicately between two fingers. Then, as I felt the surge start, she suddenly took me right into the back of her mouth in a series of long, wet sucking motions, and she gasped as I let fly. It was shattering. And, to be honest, not the kind of thing my wife got up to.
Quest: Did you miss that?
Accountant: I missed it after Marjorie! When it was over she said I'd better have a shower because I'd got all sweaty, so I did. It was all a bit odd. Service or not, I knew how my wife would look at it. I'd had sex with this girl. Then, when I was in the shower, I heard Marjorie say, 'Don't you think I ought to have a go too?' I thought she wanted me to go down on her. So I mumbled something about that being only fair, and immediately she whipped the shower curtain aside, and squeezed in next to me.
Quest: Presumably naked?
Accountant: Absolutely starkers, and even bouncier out of her clothes than in them. So we began soaping each other which got me hard again quicker than I've managed in years, and the inevitable happened.
Quest: You had intercourse?
Accountant: Twice – once, doggy-fashion on the floor of the shower, then again on the bed. I surpassed myself. It nearly killed me. She told me she'd decided she was going to have me right from the beginning. 'You looked as if you needed it,' she said. '*I* certainly did. This place is a dump.' I said I thought jerking off was a bit generous for the NHS. And she nearly had hysterics. 'You didn't *believe* that, did you?' she said. 'I work in a massage parlour, love. I do nothing *but* jerk fellows off!' So it was an afternoon of surprises. But an extremely memorable one.
Quest: Was it repeated?
Accountant: Hardly. As it was I was late picking up the family. She left the next day anyway. I was just a souvenir, but I'm not complaining!
Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

HOUSEWIFE/ANTIQUE DEALER, 32 years old, blonde, town of origin Dorchester

This interviewee pursued a career in public relations until marrying at 26. Her husband is a successful company director. She recently began to build up her own antique business part-time.

Quest: Are a man's abilities or achievements important to you when you're judging his attractiveness as a sexual partner?
Housewife: Oh yes. I think excellence is extremely attractive. I couldn't imagine having a close relationship with a man who wasn't a success.
Quest: Did you set out to marry a successful man?
Housewife: Yes.
Quest: But what about purely chemical attraction?
Housewife: That's happened, yes. But I've never let that kind of relationship develop. I'm sounding terribly hard-faced, but I'm sure it's what everybody does. Ideally the emotional and the respect side should go together. I know women who've opted for just the one – usually the success, among my friends! But I've never gone to bed with anyone I didn't want physically.
Quest: But were you ever deceived on the other side?
Housewife: Oh that's a different question. Some men will say anything to get a woman into bed. I'm a lot better at judging fakes than I used to be. I had one fling when I was in PR with an extremely attractive man – a client. He was into all sorts of things – records, clothes, night clubs. He seemed the archetypal whizz-kid entrepreneur – the right car, the right flat, the right chat. I lapped it all up – and he was lovely in bed too. I think that blurred my judgement a bit! Then it all collapsed overnight. There was a big fuss in my company because he had nothing. Everything was borrowed or bought on non-existent credit. He was a complete fake. But he's a bad example in a way.
Quest: Because he was good in bed?
Housewife: Yes! But mainly because he was expert – at conning people.
Quest: And you've never been deceived in that way since?
Housewife: Well you know I have because my bare board grapple with Stephen is the whole point of this exercise, isn't it?
Quest: You're talking about your bout of infidelity?
Housewife: 'Bout' is a good word. I did let a man have me on the floor of an empty house. And I'm still not sure how much he just took and how much I allowed him to get away with.
Quest: Weren't you physically attracted?
Housewife: Oh, yes, enormously. But I don't allow everyone to whom I'm greatly attracted to fuck me.
Quest: Why was this man different?
Housewife: Lots of reasons. David, my husband, was extremely busy, and I felt neglected. We were planning to move to the Cotswolds – mainly to find a base for my antique business, which was to keep me occupied while David was away so much. Stephen just turned up when I was most vulnerable.
Quest: What was he like?

> ‘He liked to lick, feel and taste women, and I was his target. But I would not end up his next conquest’

Housewife: Thirty-five-ish, well-off – he was in property – married, though only nominally. In the circle of my women friends, most of whom were as bored as I was, he was known as 'available.'
Quest: He had affairs?
Housewife: Two that I knew of definitely, because one woman was a good friend of mine, so I had a screw by screw account. Do you want to hear what she said about him?
Quest: Go on.
Housewife: She said, 'He treated my pussy as if he loved it.' That impressed me.
Quest: It doesn't sound so unusual.
Housewife: Oh but it does. Most men love sticking their cocks into women's pussies, but very few actually love the pussies. They tend to think they're messy, smelly things, only good for one thing. Most women are the same. Stephen wasn't like that. He liked to feel and lick and taste – and on top of that he was a highly attractive man.
Quest: But you liked him?
Housewife: No, I despised him for staying married. But I fancied him, and as I saw more of him socially I realised he'd picked me as one of his targets – that annoyed me too. I didn't want to be just another conquest, however marvellous he was in bed. If my relationship with David had been as

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close as it should have been there'd have been no problem. But David insisted on throwing us together.

Quest: How?

Housewife: Stephen was at a dinner party we gave when I was talking about a very promising house I was driving down to view that week, near Tewkesbury. But it was very old, and would obviously need a survey, and I was saying how expensive and awkward it was arranging surveys from London. So David said, 'Stephen's a surveyor, he's in property, can't he suggest something?' And Stephen immediately offered to drive down with me, and give a personal opinion. David thought that was great, and I knew it was only because he didn't want to be bothered. So I ended up spending a day with Stephen. I was determined to be polite and friendly, no more. But Stephen was very good at breaking out of that situation, and within half an hour he was admitting most of his affairs, saying how much he regretted getting involved in that way – all he was looking for was a relationship with that special spark because he'd married for the wrong reasons.

Quest: Did you succumb to it?

Housewife: No, but I did worse – I let it get under my skin, and annoy me when I should

> 'I was on my knees on the floor. Stephen had one hand round my waist, the other in my knickers, squeezing me'

have been able to shrug it off. When we were having lunch – and a bit too much to drink – in Tewkesbury he was even hinting that we could make an excuse to stay over.

Quest: He actually suggested sex?

Housewife: Not openly, because I would have said no. But he knew David had been away for two months, and was only back for the night of our dinner party before he went off for another week. So – quite apart from seeing that I fancied him – Stephen knew I'd been without regular sex for quite a while. And in fact David had been too tired to make love the one night he was home – which was another sign that things weren't right. So by the time we got to the house I was fairly tense!

Quest: Were you there alone?

Housewife: The house was empty but I insisted the estate agent show us over. But when he found out Stephen was doing a survey he said he couldn't wait, and told us to drop the key back, so I ended up alone with Stephen anyway.

Quest: Did he make a pass at you?

Housewife: I was waiting for him to so I could hit him! I really was very strung up, and most of it was sexual tension. I don't know if Stephen thought I was showing the spark he was after but he certainly showed persistence. He was practically chasing me round the house – which was enormous – because I'd walk out of every room he entered! I think I really was a bit hysterical in the end.

Quest: Why do you say that?

Housewife: Because I exploded! I was upstairs in the master bedroom – appropriately enough. On my own, smoking, staring out of these lovely mullioned windows. I was just praying for Stephen to finish so we could leave. Then he touched my shoulder. I don't know why I didn't hear him – there were no carpets. I just shrieked, and let fly at him. And the silly thing is I think he'd given up – he was only trying to attract my attention. But I slapped his face – really hard. Then again, and again, I couldn't stop. And at about the fourth time he reacted, and brought up his hands, and suddenly we were grappling like mad things. It was literally quite mad. I was screaming abuse, almost spitting at him. We were like wild beasts. I really wanted to hurt him.

Quest: Did you?

Housewife: Everything changed – very suddenly. One moment it was pure murder, the next it was pure – lust. He finally grabbed hold of my arms, then he smacked his mouth on top of mine – afterwards I found he'd actually drawn blood. And we were kissing – mauling each other, really. His hands were all over my breasts – I lost buttons, my blouse was torn – I just didn't give a damn until I realised he was pulling up my skirt, clawing at my knickers. Then I started struggling again, and calling him all the names under the sun.

Quest: You didn't want to have sex?

Housewife: I did want him to do it – so much it hurt – but I didn't see why I should make it easy for him! I mean, every word I was shrieking at him was 'fuck' – 'You little fuck – I won't let you fuck me – you dirty fucker – ' Not very ladylike, I'm afraid. But I think he got the general idea. He more or less manhandled me onto my knees – the floorboards were filthy – my self support stockings didn't survive at all. He had one arm round my waist, the other hand down the back of my knickers, squeezing between my legs, right on my pussy. I could feel how wet I was against his hand. I don't know how he unzipped himself. But suddenly he was pushing my legs apart, and he slipped his cock straight into me – very smoothly, thank God. And after that we just fucked – no more struggling, but no gentle love making either. It was a rough, tough, really quite magnificent screw. And I only found out when we'd finished that Stephen hadn't even got my knickers off – he'd just pulled one leg aside.

Quest: Did you climax?

Housewife: It was all one climax as far as I was concerned, with high points that just built up and up. I'm only able to do that when I'm very very excited. I know I was completely exhausted afterwards – and I looked like a derelict. I had bruises and splinters everywhere, but it was worth it just to burn Stephen out of my system.

Quest: It didn't happen again?

Housewife: Oh no. And the silliest part was when I finally asked Stephen for his survey. 'Don't ask me,' he said, 'I only buy and sell office buildings – I don't know anything about houses. Your David said I was a surveyor – I never did.' I knew I was cured of him when I thought that was hilarious!

Quest: Thank you.

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Melanie

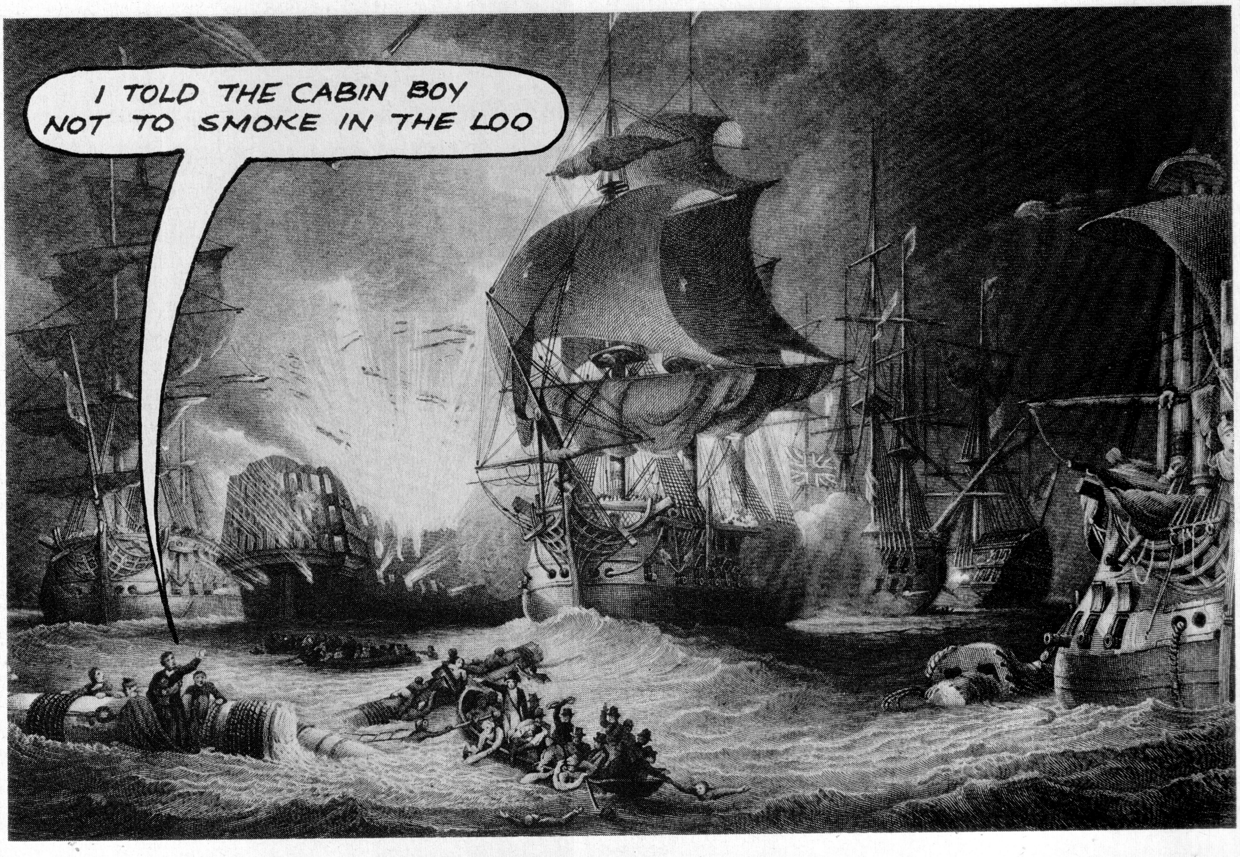
The Lake District in England's north west provides some of Britain's most beautiful scenery. Another attraction is that it is also the birthplace of the equally attractive Melanie Wentworth. Twenty-two-year-old Melanie spent much of her childhood in the village of Staveley, near Kendal, and now lives close to the banks of Lake Windermere. In fact 34-22-34 Melanie spends almost as much time on the lake itself in her boat as she does in her delightful 19th century house. 'I get out on the water as often as possible,' she told us. 'It's so peaceful. Besides I find all that rowing is good exercise.'

But apart from her boat and occasional walks through the spectacular countryside, Melanie confesses that she is a stay-at-home girl at heart. Her hobbies are painting and sketching, principally still life, and folk music. 'I've been playing the guitar since I was a child,' Melanie said, 'and recently I've started writing my own songs.' What are they about? 'I started with moody ones about old boyfriends,' she smiled. 'Now they tend to be as rumbustious as rugby songs. People are always asking me to do them at parties.' In fact, she is thinking of performing at the local folk club.'

'People think that just because a person lives in a remote area, they have to lead some kind of monastic existence,' claimed Melanie. 'They're wrong. I enjoy dressing up sexily just as much as girls in town do, and so long as you have a car, there's no need to be lonely.' In fact, Melanie claims that the girls in the Lake District are even sexier than their urban equivalents. 'There are fewer of us around up here – and we have to keep the men happy, don't we?' So saying, Melanie dashed off in her red Suzuki jeep to cheer up a few more lonely men. 'With a song, of course!' she added hastily.

ALL AT SEA

We British are so proud of our naval heritage we're prone to being a little pompous. *Mayfair's* mutinous crew redresses the balance with ribald reworkings of historic sea-faring scenes



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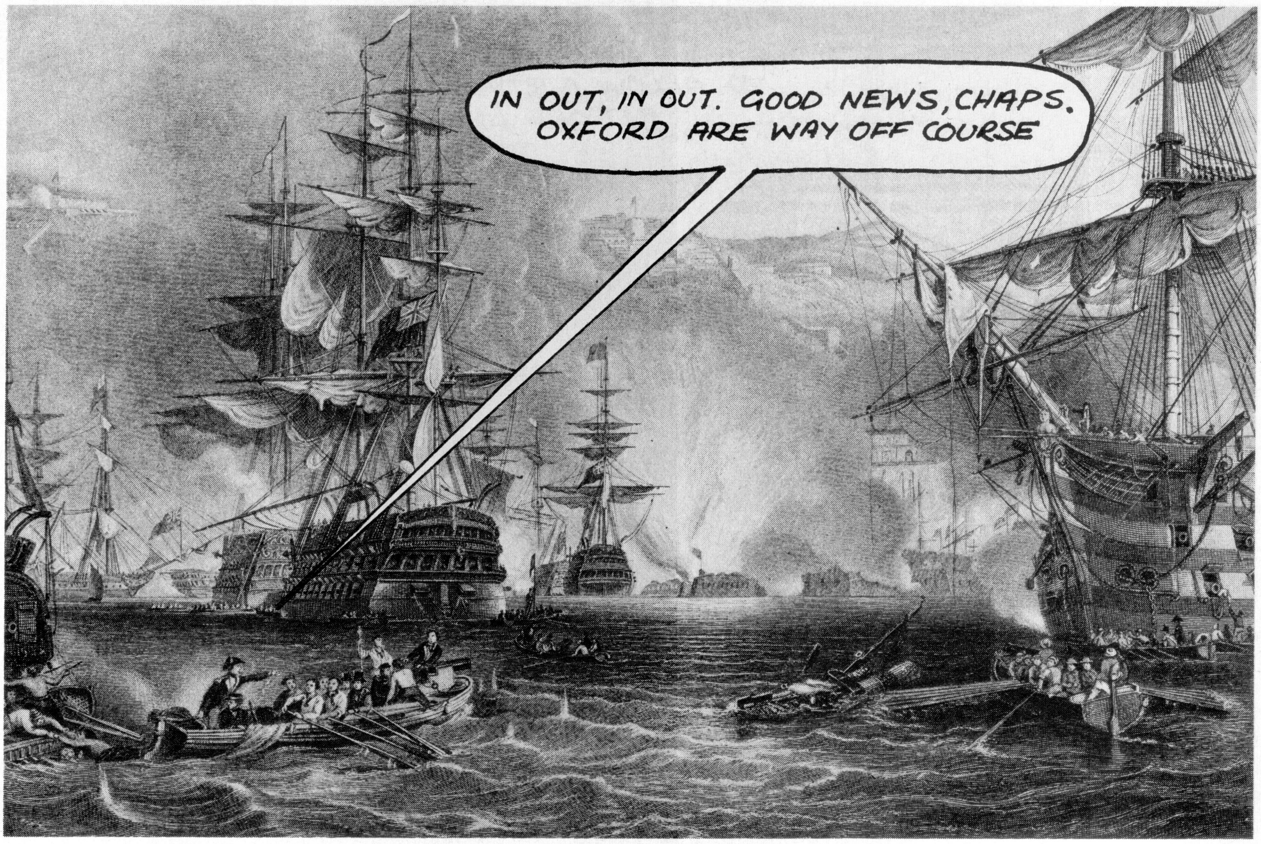

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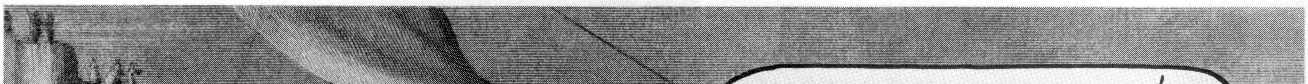

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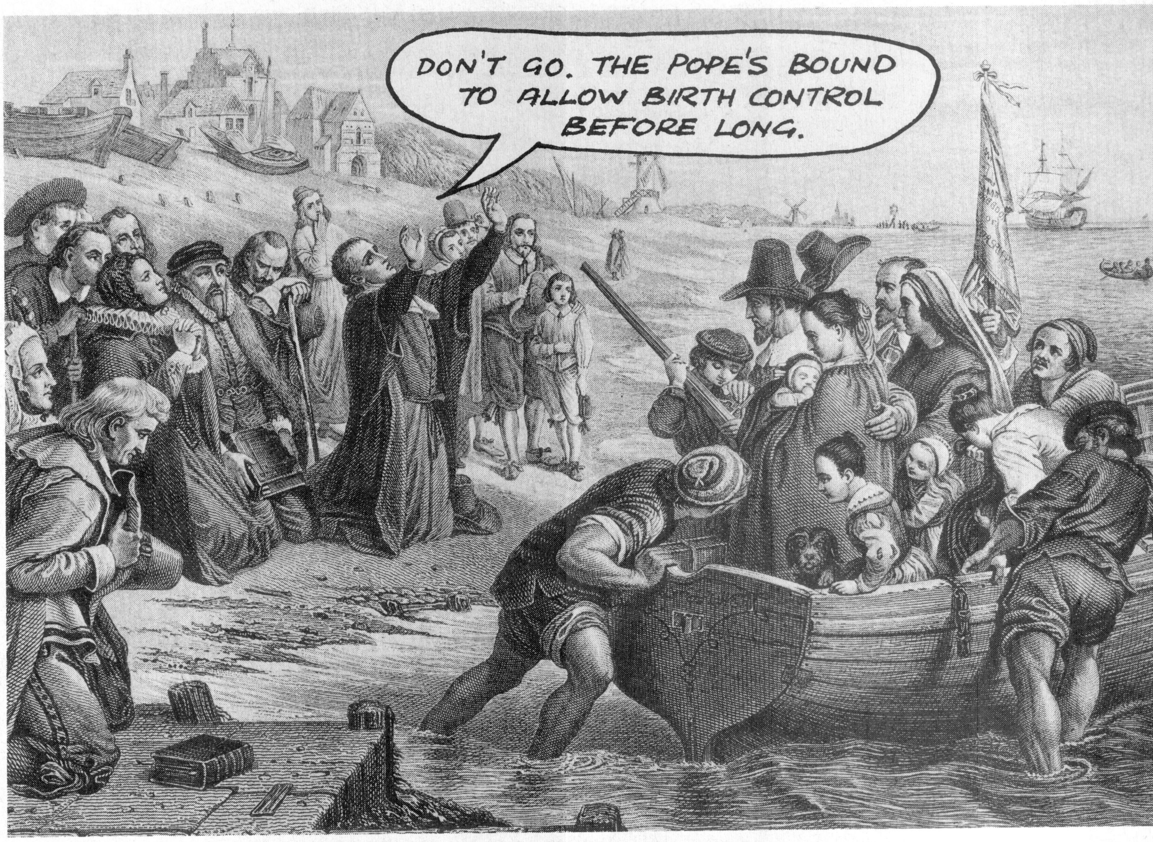
TO REPEL THE INVASION OF THE DANES, A.D. 876.



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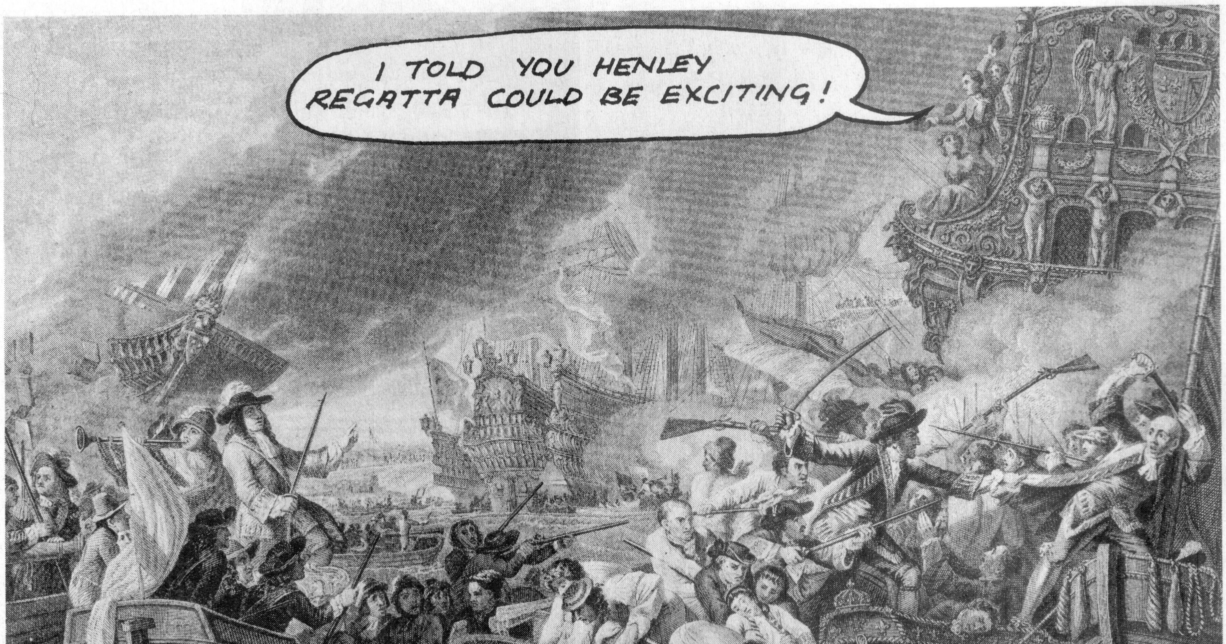

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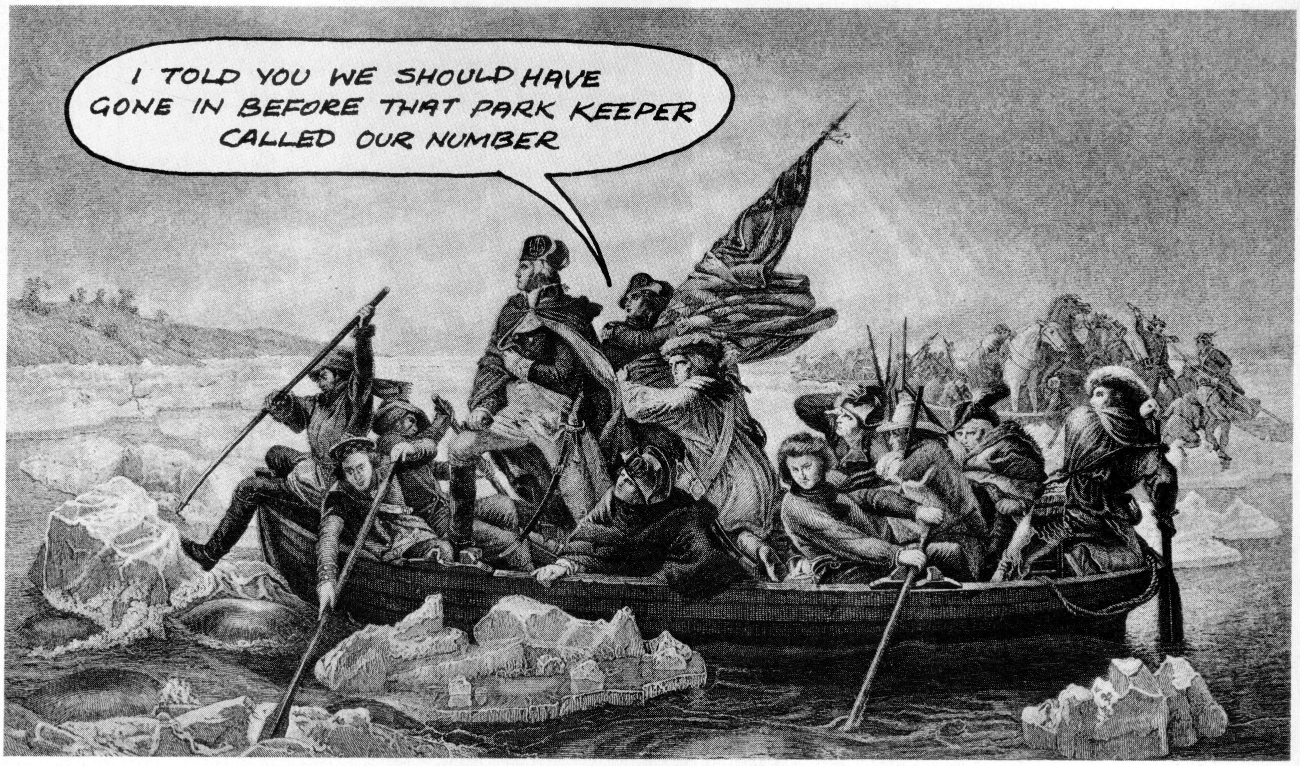
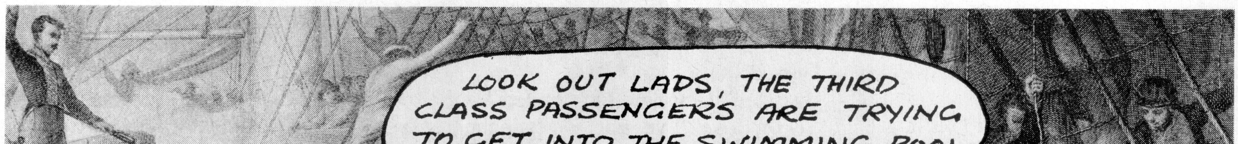


WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.
NEAR TRENTON, N.J. CHRISTMAS, 1776.



NELSON BOARDING THE "SAN JOSEF"
AT BATTLE OF ST VINCENT, 1797.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Who was the world's first computer operator?
Eve – she had an Apple in one hand and a Wang in the other.

Three country lads went to their local village disco hoping to find some accommodating girls. By 11pm, Frank and Bob had lured two attractive, giggly girls from one of the nearby farms, but Jim had completely failed to find anyone even to dance with him. Miserable, lonely and frustrated, he decided he might as well go home.
About two hundred yards from his house, he happened to pass a field of newly ripe pumpkins. The moonlight was glinting off their smooth, rounded surfaces, and for a second they reminded Jim of the curves of a naked lady, lying in the field just waiting for him. He could almost hear her crying out to him. He stood for a few moments getting more and more excited at the thought, until he could bear it no longer. Suffering the agony of frustrated libido, he went into the field, and lay down amongst the vegetables, hugging one like the firm buttocks of the girl he longed for. Then he decided to take it one stage further. Cutting a hole in the pumpkin, he whipped out his rampant member, and started to make love to it, murmuring the name of his current fantasy.
'Oh, Jane, Jane,' he cried. Then, just as he was about to satisfy his pent-up emotion, he felt a hand on his shoulder, and looked around.
'Good evening, sir,' said a voice. It was George the village bobby. 'And what do you think you might be doing with that pumpkin.'
'Pumpkin?' replied Jim thinking quickly. 'Christ! Is it midnight already?'

The foreman of a small firm was called up by the management, and told that because times were hard it was necessary to make two workers redundant.
'It's up to you who it is,' said the manager. 'But two people have to go.'
The foreman racked his brain, trying to find a satisfactory solution. Who would be the best person to fire? The more he considered, the worse it got. Eventually he decided that the only way was to make his choice completely arbitrary.
'I'll sack the first two who come to the tea machine at lunchtime,' he said to himself.
At five past one, Mary and Jack went to the tea machine, and the foreman decided they were the unlucky pair.
'I'm terribly sorry, Mary,' he said quietly, 'but I'm going to have to lay you and Jack off.'
Mary looked at him, then smiled.
'Sorry, love, I've got a headache,' she replied. 'But you can jack off behind one of the machines.'

Henry rolled off his wife after another unsuccessful attempt at intercourse.
'You make no effort to satisfy me,' his wife said accusingly.
'Yes, I do,' protested Henry. 'But it would help if you encouraged me. Why don't you tell me when you're having an orgasm?
His wife smiled sweetly.
'Because, Henry, you're never there.'

During the French Revolution, hundreds of members of the aristocracy were beheaded. So much so that the mob watching grew blasé about the spectacle. In order to excite the crowd again, the executioners were ordered to tell the prisoners in graphic, gory detail what their fate would be. That way, the frightened prisoner would scream with fear as he was led out, and the spectators react with cries of 'Coward! Off with his head.' This proved so successful, a large sign was put up as a guide for the executioner. It read, 'Don't hatchet your Counts, before they're chicken.'

A strapping young girl went to the police, complaining that a four foot six inch window cleaner had forced his attentions on her.
'But, how did he reach?' enquired the sergeant suspiciously.
'He used his bucket, officer,' replied the girl angrily.
The sergeant frowned.
'But couldn't you have kicked it away?'
'Scarcely,' she said. 'He put it over my head, and swung on the handle!'

A yokel from a Somerset village was taken to the local hospital suffering from four broken ribs and a broken leg.
'How on earth did you do that?' asked the young nurse.
'Oi met the Vicar, the other day, and he said he were disgusted at moi dog, Spot. Said oi should teach him to pee in the gutter. So oi was doing just that, but I fell off the roof.'

There was a young lady named Dodd
Who believed that her child came from God.
It was not the Almighty
Who lifted her nightie,
It was Roger, the lodger, the sod.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

Jane

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GERTH SERNELIN

Voluptuous is the word that springs to mind when you meet Jane Hall for the first time. You can tell from just looking at that sensual face and buxom 38-26-36 figure that she enjoys life to the full. 'It might sound irresponsible, but I don't have any worries or responsibilities. I just work for six months in England, then spend the whole summer in Spain.'

Back in England for the winter, Jane, 20, is working in her native Leeds as a secretarial temp. 'Temping is a great way of meeting men, there are always plenty of them in offices. I just want to have a good time at the moment, and that includes men. When I am older I want a family, but not yet.' And Jane isn't shy about pursuing a dishy guy. 'I enjoy being a big girl because it gets you noticed, specially when I don't wear a bra. One place I worked I was a replacement secretary for two weeks. My boss was only a year or two older than me, and I could tell he fancied me but was too shy to say anything. So one day when he asked me to take dictation I just walked over and sat on his lap. We didn't get much work done, but he took me to dinner afterwards.'

LETTERS

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kilt,' Jan suggested. 'It's much cooler.' 'Me! Wear a skirt!' I protested, and Jan looked most disappointed.

Two days before the dance, I went round to Jan's house to 'help her with some homework'. After some light petting she told me that she would only come to the dance with me if I wore highland dress. Thinking I was safe, I said that I would just for her, but, of course, it was far too late to find the clothes. 'Do you really mean that?' she said, and still confident, I said that I did. Before I had finished she was half way out of the room. She re-appeared two minutes later carrying a kilt, socks, sporran, jacket, jabot (a ruff for the neck and wrists), and so on. 'My brother Donald (name changed) is about your size,' she said, 'borrow his.' Now there was no excuse. Jan even suggested that it might relieve some of the anti-English feeling. She showed me how everything fitted together, and started to put it all in a holdall. Then she said, 'I've put something in the sporran.' Although she tried to stop me, I reached in, and pulled out a pair of black briefs. 'They're technically correct,' she said. I was dubious. Remember, in the sixties, coloured underwear was unknown. But she assured me that this was right, then whispered that she would fellate me, if I went through with it. I agreed instantly. I'd never had a girl go down on me before.

When we got to the dance though, I discovered only about a third of the boys were wearing kilts. I'd been duped! But everyone seemed pleased that I had made the effort. I was soon enjoying myself, dancing every dance, and getting quite merry. The kilt was much more comfortable than trousers.

During the dance, the Headmaster announced a contest for those wearing the kilt. As I said, only about a third of us were. Then he insisted that anyone wearing shorts under the kilt was not eligible to take part either. This only left five of us. The remaining five had to dance on the stage so that we exhibited ourselves to the others below. I thoroughly enjoyed it, and I was now readily accepted by even the most ardent sassanach hater.

When we got home, Jan kept her promise. She gave me my first-ever blow job, and I still think of it as one of the best. An unusual way, I'm sure, you will agree to complete my sexual education.

GC, Edinburgh

As somebody who has been involved in broadcasting for several years, may I say how interesting I found your feature on Orson Welles' radio hoax, *The Night Mars Invaded Earth* (Vol 20 No 1). WR Robertson's account was the most definitive I've read, but I thought your readers might be amused by one additional piece of information.

Robertson states: 'Then came one of the most dramatic and skillfully handled moments in the production as the top of the object (the space craft) unscrews . . .' You might like to know that the skilful handling of this 'dramatic moment' consisted of a sound effects man unscrewing a coffee jar, very slowly, inside a toilet bowl to obtain echo.

I hope that this secret trick of the trade doesn't spoil anyone's enjoyment of the many records of the broadcast. It's funny to think that thousands of Americans were frightened by a jar in a lavatory isn't it?

CWH, London SE23

Following the letter from the 'Fan Club' in Shrewsbury in Vol 20 No 1, we, the members of BUMAS (Bristol University *Mayfair* Appreciation Society), have compiled a list of the girls we would like to see in your magazine.

1) Sabina Franklyn.
2) The girl on roller skates in the Martini ad (sorry to copy Shrewsbury's letter, but this is a desperate situation).
3) Sabina Franklyn.
4) Samantha Fox (of course).
5) Sabina Franklyn.
6) Jenny Agutter.
7) Sabina Franklyn (don't say we didn't ask).
8) Harriet Fowler of Vol 18 No 1.
9) Incredible Jo Peace of Vol 18 No 12.
10) Any of the girls with their backs to us in the Pernod ads.
11) Tanya Roberts.
12) The 'Dolly Dealers' in *Bruce Forsyth's Play Your Cards Right*.
13) The possessed girl in *Ghostbusters*.
14 and 15) Heather Thomas

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LETTERS

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and Markie Post from *The Fall Guy.*

15) Anyone connected with Bristol University.

16) The girl from the 'exceedingly rich' Walkers crisps commercial with Ronnie Barker.

We hope this will keep you busy.

AB, Bristol (on behalf of BUMAS)

I'm sure most of your readers were amazed by the pictures of Marianne stripping off behind the Iron Curtain in Vol 20 No 1. I was less surprised. Having been to Budapest on a number of occasions, I can assure you that many of its residents are 'fun-loving', even if they are under the Communist thumb. However, it was good to see the place again, especially in Marianne's company, and it brought back fond memories of a girl from Budapest who was probably one of the most exciting girls I've ever known.

The girl, I shall call her Wendy, was born and brought up in Budapest. Far from being the tough 'farm labourer type' as Communist girls are so frequently depicted, she was petite, blonde and very well dressed. I met her when I was visiting the city for about the fourth time in connection with my work in the travel trade. She worked in the hotel where I was staying, and had been taught English at school. She welcomed me with a smile that lit up the city, and was as capable of flirting as any Western girl.

After a few days we were exchanging smiles and comments to such an extent, I asked her to come for a drink after she finished work. To my surprise she agreed readily. I took her to a local cafe, remarkably like the one pictured in your photoset. Wendy was charming, and although I gathered from her that life in Hungary was very different from the West, she differed from me very little in character. I took her out several times after that, and the fifth occasion, just before I was about to leave for home, ended my stay particularly pleasantly.

Our relationship had been progressing throughout my stay; she would touch me as she talked, we'd hold hands, even kiss goodnight, but I had no idea that I would ever take her to bed. I certainly never imagined that she would be the one to ask! She knew it was my last night, and I was feeling quite sad. She tried to cheer me up, but wasn't succeeding, though I did notice that her hand was resting on my knee, rather than just touching it. Half way through one gripe I was having about returning to my boss, I felt her hand edge nearer, up my thigh, then rest on my zip for a few seconds. 'We'll just have to make you enjoy your last night,' she said.

She must have felt me growing inside my trousers for then she leaned over and kissed me passionately on the lips. Her tongue pushed between them, and suddenly we were exploring each other deeply. This was totally unexpected. Instinctively, my hands began to push under her breasts. They were round and firm like oranges. Then came the words I least expected, 'Take me back to your room.' It came almost as an order, but it was not one I wanted to disobey.

Back at my room, we fell onto the bed (about the only piece of furniture the hotel offered), and Wendy seemed more excited than ever. She started undoing my shirt with a ferocity that amazed me, biting at my chest as she did so. Then she started to undo my trousers. I thought of trying to stop her. It all seemed a little fraught, but who was I, a mere Westerner, to complain. She had my trousers down in a flash, and my member in her hand. I wanted to kiss and fondle her – to indulge in a little foreplay – but that didn't seem to interest her. She seemed just to want a cock inside her. Even in her urgent grasp I was growing considerably, and when she stayed still long enough I was able to undo her skirt, and pull down her panties. It was rather rough, but that didn't seem to matter to her. As soon as she could she climbed on top of me, and guiding my tool into her, started bouncing up and down on the bed. It can't have been comfortable for her, it wasn't for me, though watching those firm little breasts bouncing up and down spurred me on. Under this considerable pressure, I came very quickly, as did she, then lay exhausted for a few minutes.

Soon after, Wendy was at it again, this time at a more leisurely pace, thank God. But she certainly had some sexual energy. I spent the rest of the night curled up with my face resting on those breasts, and her tight little pussy bristling against my thigh. The next morning she had gone, leaving me not quite certain whether it had all been an exhausting dream, but the note she left provided evidence that it had all happened.

So don't imagine all girls from the Eastern bloc are fat and frigid. They are as broad-minded as us – and if anything even more energetic.

(Name and address withheld)

Watching Channel 4, late at night, dozing intermittantly, I was awoken by the unusual sight of a pair of boobs in the middle of a comedy sketch. The show was called *Assaulted Nuts,* and starred amongst others, Tim Brooke Taylor. The sketch was something to do with a customs post, and a man importing a nude lady who popped up in full view of the camera. But whose were the mysterious mammaries? They seemed familiar somehow . . .

CBC, Liverpool

And in this case familiarity should breed content. The unknown breasts belonged to Vicki Scott who was revealed along with her sister, Lisa, in Vol 19 No 11.

Many thanks for your feature on flagellation and its history in Vol 20 No 1. As a female reader who thoroughly enjoys a spanking, and a good deal of the paraphenalia that goes with it (leather clothing, mild bondage etc), I only wish you could do more on the subject. I'll never forget the first time I tempted my boyfriend to spank me. I had been feeling mischievous all evening, making fun of him, messing up the paper when he was trying to read and so on. He really was getting angry. Suddenly he roared, 'If you don't stop being silly I'll put you across my knee, and give you a good smack.'

Even though I had never thought of that as a sexual thing before, a lovely warm shudder went through me as he said it. That feeling of being held down by his strong arm, my dress being lifted to expose my poor little bottom, then that slap as his hand came down . . . It really excited me. What had been quite an innocent series of games to get a bit of attention out of a boyfriend tired after work was to turn into a whole new sexual ballgame.

Needless to say, I did carry on until he lost his cool. He literally picked me up under his arm, and sat down, pulling me onto his knee. I was trembling with anticipation, as I felt my short skirt being lifted up, and he described what he was going to do to me. Then he edged my panties down one-handed to reveal my botty, already twitching nervously. First of all he just lay his rough hand on my cheek, and asked me if I would give in. 'No, never,' I shouted, the top of my head resting on the carpet. 'Right then,' he said, and I could feel

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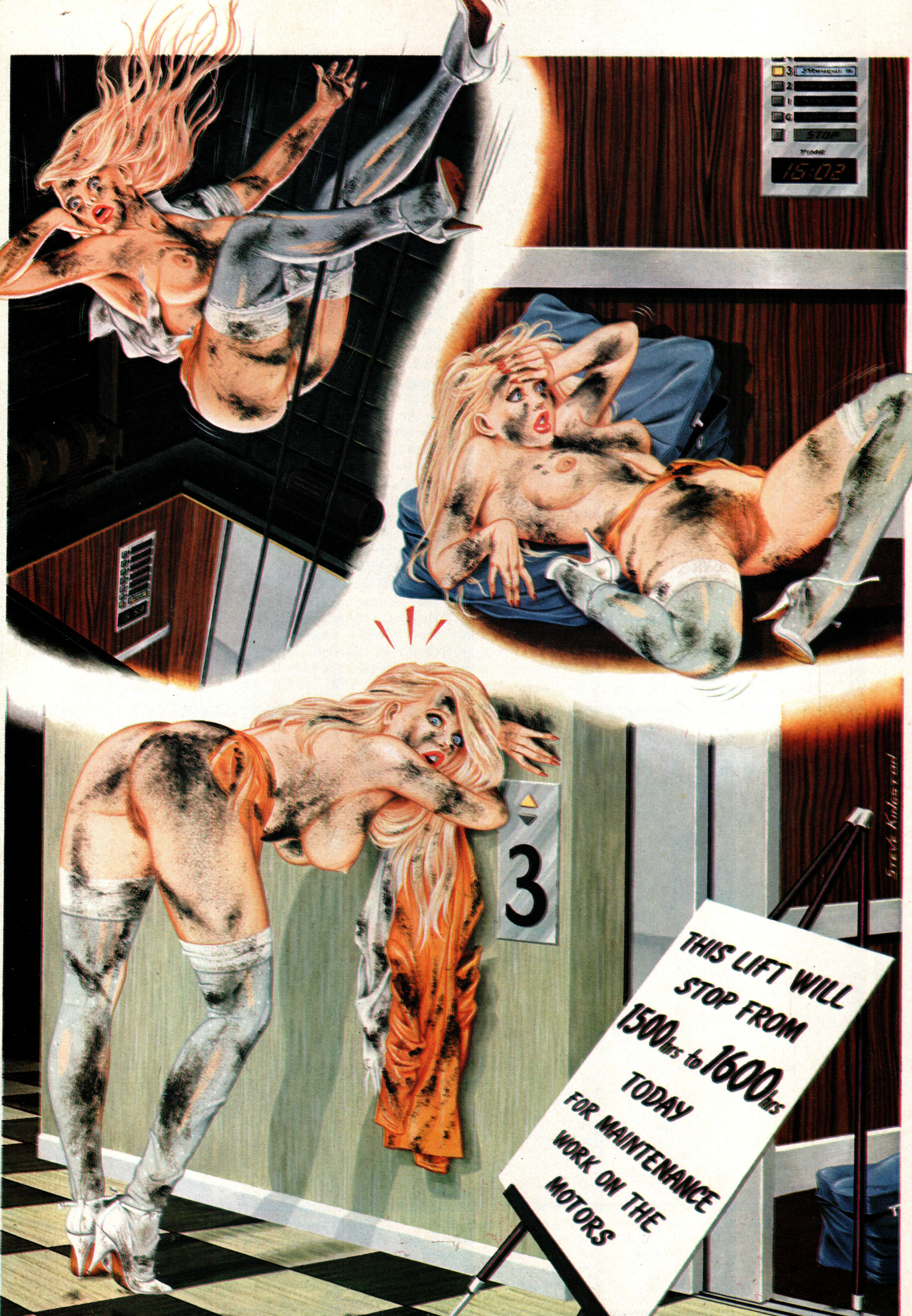
'To be fair to him it was a line I hadn't heard before.'

CARRIE

Our stripgirl is floored by a faulty lift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LETTERS

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myself melting inside. But when that first smack came down, sending a warm glow all the way up my body, I was about to flood. Smack, smack – two more came down, and I felt my bum getting lovely and rosy, then smack, smack, smack. It was six of the very best.

I lay over his knee exhausted. Not only with the struggling that I had been putting up as a show of 'defiance' but because I was sexually drained as well. I'd found a whole new turn-on. As I rolled off Kevin's (name changed) knee, my hair everywhere, my bottom and face equally red, he could see how I was feeling. The fact that my quim was showing obvious signs of excitement was a bit of a give-away too.

From that day on, we have both contrived situations where I end up being given a good hiding. We don't use whips or canes or anything like that, though I do like to be tied to the bedhead now and again to increase any feeling of helplessness. Kevin sometimes even dresses up. I've always liked men in black leather anyway, and it feels wonderful when I'm clinging onto him just before one of my 'punishments'.

I've asked Kev if he would like to try it the other way around (I have so much fun, I'm sure he would), but it doesn't work so well that way. I've also wondered what it would be like if a strong girl were to give me my 'whacks' in front of Kevin, but I don't know anyone who would indulge me in this.

I must go now, I have to make Kevin's tea. After writing this, I'm feeling a little excited, I think I might just spill it down him, so that he will be annoyed with me...

Cheryl, Solihull

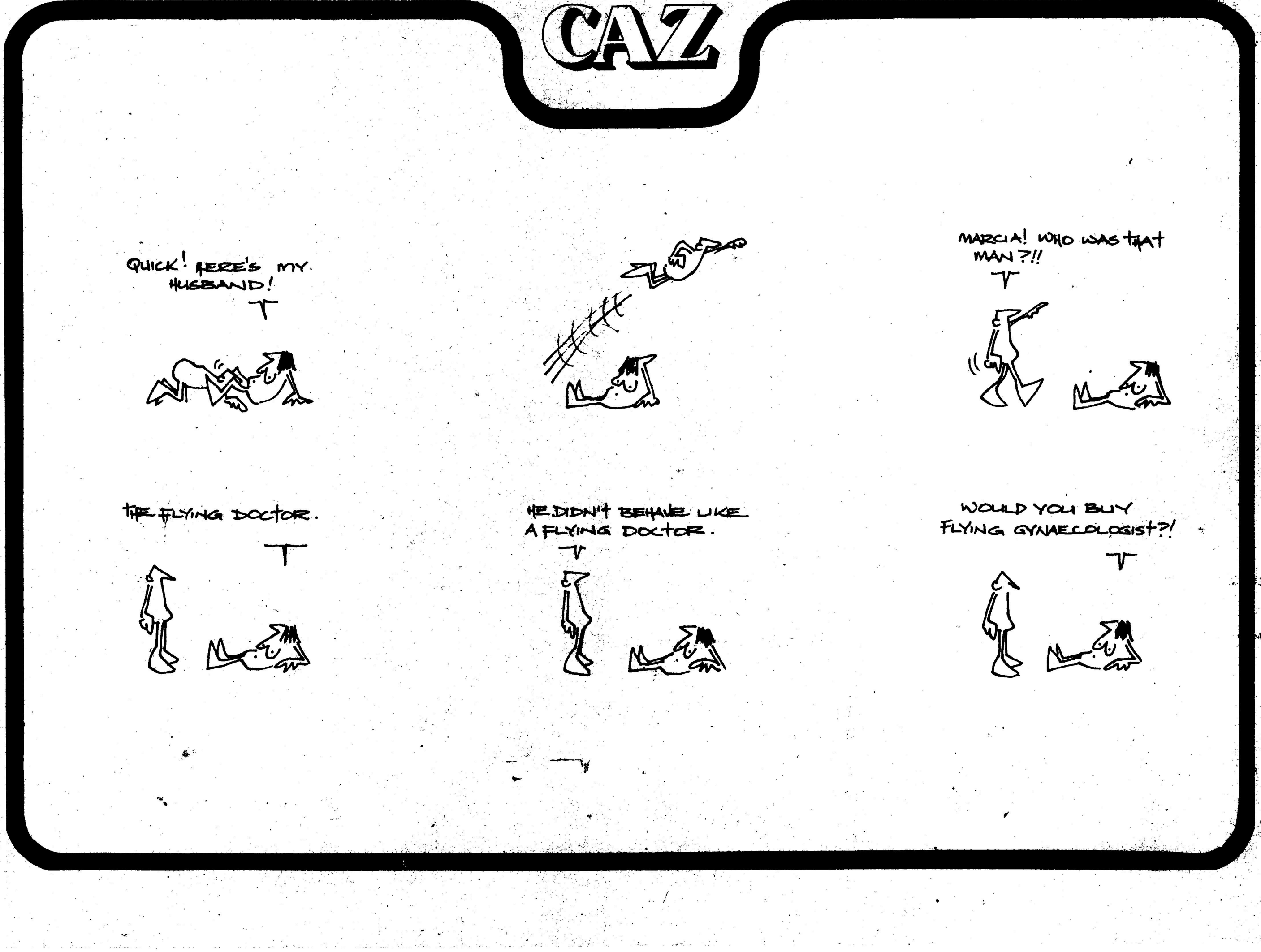
Here are some suggestions for *The Girls You've Asked to See*:- Samantha Fox, Janet Ellis from *Blue Peter*, Selina Scott, Toni Arthur, Fern Britton, Debbie Rix, Marti Caine, Marti Webb, Gemma Craven, Sandra Dickinson, Carol Drinkwater, Liza Goddard, Sarah Greene, Jenny Hanley, Judith Hann, Diane Keen, Felicity Kendal, Linda Hayden, Judy Loe, Joanna Lumley, Maggie Moone, Susan Penhaligan, Jane Seymour, Jean Rogers, Isla St Clair, Gillian Taylforth, Twiggy, Julie Walters, Victoria Wood, Wincey Willis, Jayne Irving, Anne Diamond, Jenny Lee Wright, Tessa Wyatt, Lena Zavaroni, Bonnie Langford, Susie Blake and Sherrie Hewson from *Russ Abbott's Madhouse*, Susanne Dando, Sharron Davies, any of the girls from the Tennants Special commercial, Lesley Ann Down (again), Jenny Agutter, Elaine Paige, Sarah Brightman, Barbara Dickson, either of the two Abba girls, either of the two Bucks Fizz girls, Anne Gregg of *Holiday*, Anneka Rice, Jilly Cooper, Rosalyn Landor, Cherie Lunghi, Gabrielle Drake, Francoise Pascal, Marianne Faithfull, Joanne Munro, Vikki Chambers, Susan Hanson, Helen Worth, Patricia Hodge, either of the two girls from Human League, any of the girls from Paul Young's backing band The Royal Family, Suzanne Danielle, Juliet Hammond-Hill, Una Stubbs, Aimi McDonald, Paula Wilcox, Jane Asher, Lindsay Wagner, Heather Thomas, Mad Lizzie, the 'Green Goddess', Liz Crowther, Dorian Goodwin, Jayne Torville, Karen Barber, Sue Cook, Tina Turner, Suzi Quatro, Mary Dekker, Chrissie Lloyd, Tracey Austin, any of the Nolan sisters, either of the girls in the Dooleys, Lulu, Sue Lawley, Sue Barker, any of Bananarama, Della Dolan (ex Miss UK), Ruth Madoc, Kim Wilde, Toyah, Sue Upton from *The Benny Hill Show*, Louise English from *The Benny Hill Show*, Jane Warner of *Page Three*, Katie Rabett, Tracey Ullman, Pamela Stevenson, Barbara Windsor, Jill Gascoigne, Vanessa Redgrave, Sarah Miles, Lesley Ash, Judy Gridley, Kim Goody, Caroline Ashley, Carrie Fisher, Muriel Gray, Rula Lenska, Lynsey de Paul and Molly Parkin.

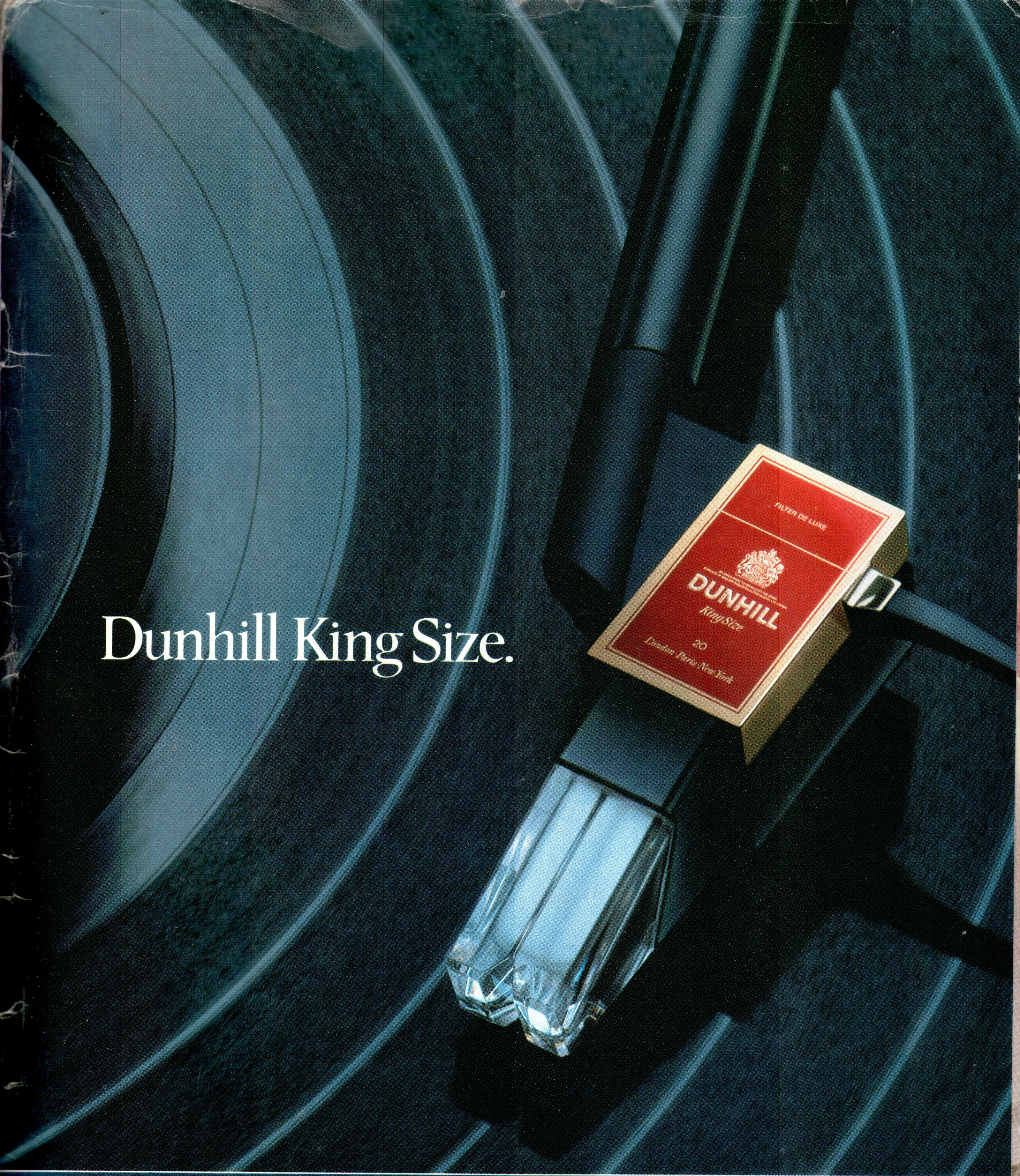
Hope you can feature some – especially Samantha Fox.

Tom Chambers, Dumfries

We make that a choice of at least 125 girls, Tom. But we have made a start, notably with Jane Warner (Vol 20 No 2), and Gabrielle Drake appeared fleetingly in Vol 7 No 10. We're doing our best...

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ





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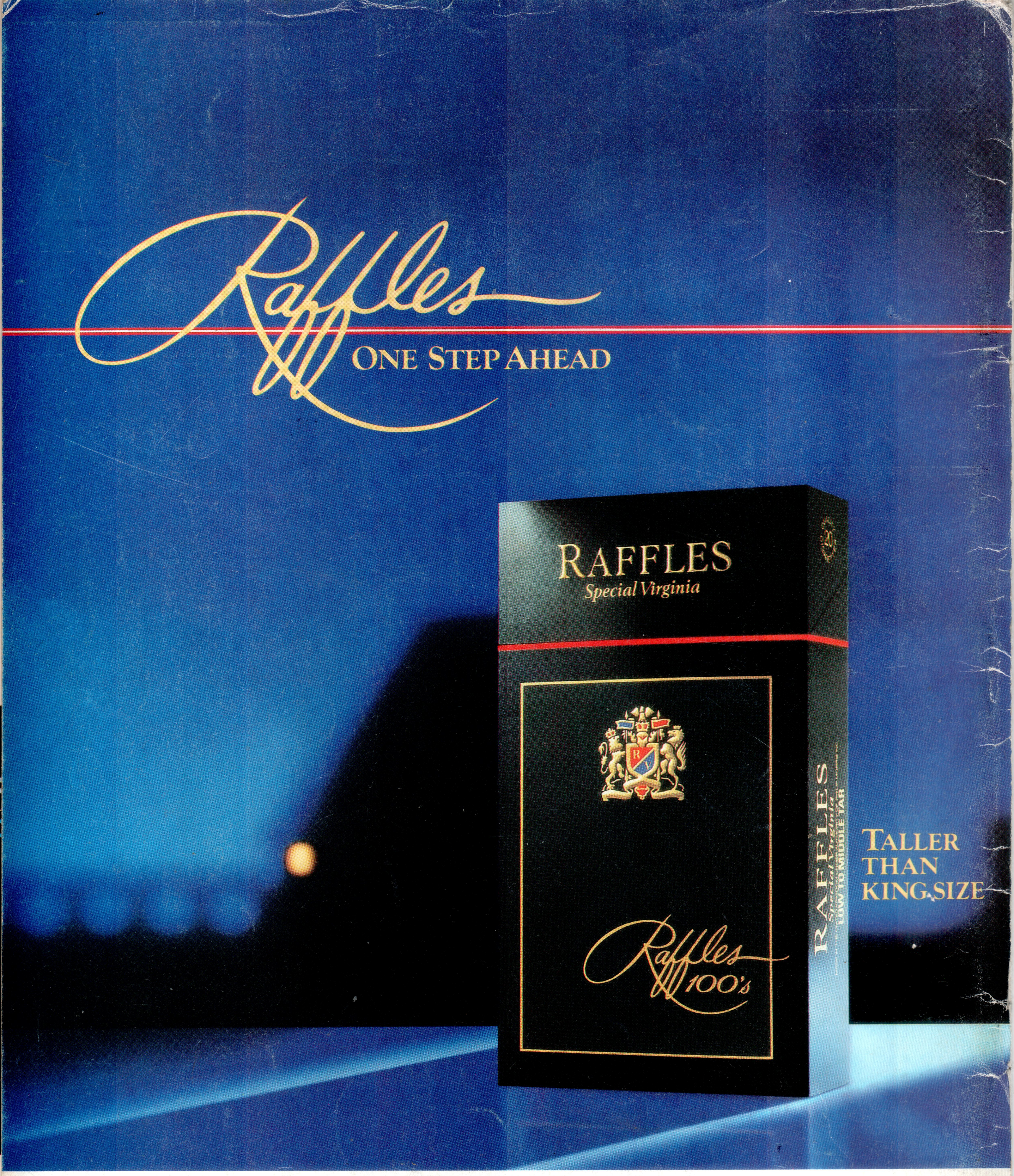

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